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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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AU REVOIR! THE KING LEAVES DOVER FOR HIS CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY

His Majesty, travelling as the Duke of Lancaster, left England on Thursday last, and, after having spent Friday in Paris, arrived at Biarritz on Saturday evening, where he is staying for about three weeks. Inset are photographs of the King talking to Marquis Camden, the Lord-Lieutenant of Kent (at the top), and taking leave of Admiral Sir John Fisher (in right-hand corner)

No. 223.—Vol. XVII.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions

Amusements

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TOPSY SINDEN, FRED FARREN, etc.
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PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"The Gentle Thespians." By R. Murray Gilchrist. (Milne : 6*s.*)

"Campers' Handbook." By T. H. Holding. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. : 5*s.* net.)

"The Badminton Magazine" (March, 1908). Edited by A. E. T. Watson. 1*s.* net.

"An Oversea Web." By Ernest Newton. (Long : 6*s.*)

"A Lost Cause." By Guy Thorne. (Long : 6*s.*)

"A Modern Hagar." By Mrs. T. Godfrey. (Long : 6*s.*)

"The Flower of the Hebrides." By Alexander Cargill. (Privately printed.)

"The Canadian Magazine." (Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd. : 25 cents.)

"Truth" Cautionary List. ("Truth" Offices : 6*d.*)

"Many Junes." By Archibald Marshall. (Methuen : 6*s.*)

"The New Galatea." By Samuel Gordon. (Greening : 6*s.*)

"Modern Egypt." Two vols. By the Earl of Cromer. (Macmillan : 24*s.* net.)

"The Ways of Rebellion." By R. Farrer. (Arnold : 6*s.*)

THE BYSTANDER

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

"The Truth About the Navy"

Owing to the great number of requests we have received from our readers for copies of the caricatures on naval life by E. G. O. Beuttler, called "The Truth About the Navy," we have decided to issue one hundred special sets of the 9 drawings.

The drawings will be published at the size of 9in. by 6in.

More than Double the Size at which they Appeared in "The Bystander,"

and the proofs will be hand-pulled on the best paper in sepia double-toned ink, with stiff card mounts. These sets will be sold at the price of 12s. 6d. per set, postage paid. We shall be pleased to supply sets in oak frames at the price of 25s. the set, carriage paid to any part. As the number of sets is strictly limited to one hundred, and the moiety have already been applied for, intending purchasers should write at once, enclosing cheque or postal order to

THE MANAGER,
FINE ART DEPARTMENT,
"THE GRAPHIC,"
190, STRAND, W.C.,

marking "Navy Set" in left-hand corner of envelope.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday March 11, 1908

The first Spring-show of the year was opened last week by one of London's leading stores. We do not complain of this. All we say is that they ought to have on their staff a pack of St. Bernards. Otherwise, how are customers—lost in the snow—to be rescued?

* * *

Once again, why not put London under glass? Tomatoes do very well under glass. Why should not Londoners? No one can say that the inhabitants of our Metropolis are less valuable than tomatoes. Yet the inexpensive process of glazing our chief streets is deferred and deferred as though it were of no more importance than Woman Suffrage.

* * *

The German War Office is experimenting with a kitchen-van, the chief constituent of which is said to be an enormous caldron in which soup can be prepared during a march. It seems to us that in war time we would rather be in a submarine than cook in that kitchen-van. A properly directed gun, and how quickly the chef himself would be in the soup.!

* * *

The Tempest in a Tankard

It almost looks as though Reforming
Will prove the Government's undoing;
And those who laughed at Brewers storming
Will weep to find that Storms are Brewing.

* * *

"It is very wise"—says a contemporary, noted for its fashion column—"to environ such flowers as the modest violet with appropriate surroundings." After that, the smart woman will hardly need to be told that she must not wear them.

* * *

"Dull orange tulips"—the same authority continues—"look particularly beautiful in a library fitted with Empire furniture." Librarians, however, to whom we have mentioned this interesting little fact, have been singularly unsympathetic.

* * *

The latest bother in Zululand is that "a native has been arrested at Zombolwana for the murder of the loyal chief, Sitsitshile, near N'Kandhla." It makes cabling so very expensive.

* * *

According to the *Mail*, the wife of Mr. W. J. Lloyd, a pocket-book maker of Harringay, has given birth to triplets. It is a useful profession, and we hope when they grow up, they will also make nice pocket-books.

* * *

Report of a Croydon police-trap case:—

"A constable asserted that the trap was on the level, but he admitted that there were hills."

At first this looks a little contradictory, but it isn't, of course. The trap *was* on the level. But there *are* hills. As all geographers are of a similar opinion, the constable's evidence was incontestable. Anyway, Croydon made £3 8*s*. out of the motorist.

* * *

No further cases of people being poisoned by having hyacinths in their rooms have cropped up this week, we are glad to say. On the other hand, several hyacinths in various parts of London have died. Can it be, one wonders, that these mysterious flowers have committed suicide?

* * *

The Society for the Destruction of Vermin, has decided to direct its first energies against rats, and asks the public for assistance. Cheques should be sent to the Secretary, and will be preferred to terriers. Rats' tails are not required, and even cats will not be welcomed at the Society's address.

Photos

Miss Christabel Pankhurst
As she will be known to Posterity

IMMORTALISING THE SUFFRAGETTES: MR. TUSSAUD AND MISS C. PANKHURST

Illustrations Bureau

Miss Christabel Pankhurst
As she is in real life

Any doubt as to the certainty of the future fame of the Suffragettes is now laid to rest. They are being done into waxworks for Mme. Tussaud's. By an ironic coincidence, their place in the Exhibition is close to the Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet

RACING NOTIONS

THE SOLDIERS AT SANDOWN. BY CARBINE

A Successful Grand Military

In every way the Soldiers' Meeting went off well at Sandown Park last week-end. There was little fault to be found with the weather (on Saturday it was ideal), the racing was distinctly good, and I am sure the general standard of the riding was quite up to that seen at the military meetings of the past. The gathering lived up to its reputation as one of the chief social events of the winter season, and on Friday the lawn and paddock presented a scene of life and animation such as we see at no other steeplechase meeting in the South. The bookies will tell you that the Grand Military is never such a good meeting for them as it was in the old days, but I am doubtful about that. They had not much to complain of this time, as favourite after favourite was bowled over, and I heard of big men in Tattersall's who never had a losing race in the course of the two days. The soldier-riders generally have a big following of friends, who don't hesitate to put the money down when they think they have a chance, and I am afraid some of the unlucky ones will have had rather a heavy settling on Monday.

Captain Paynter's Triumph

If we had torn up our guide to recent form and resolutely blotted out from memory the two defeats of Mount Prospect's Fortune, what a race the Grand Military Gold Cup would have been for some of us! But for his miserable failures, the horse would have been a strong favourite; yet here he was on offer at 10 to 1, and very few takers! "He is a good 'un when at his best" is what I wrote of Mount Prospect's Fortune last week, and on Friday he certainly *was* at his best, and very different from the animal who couldn't beat a plater like The Longmynd. Everyone had been expressing sympathy with Captain Paynter for having made a rank bad bargain when buying the horse for 3,000 gns., but these words of commiseration had to be unreservedly recalled and changed to expressions of congratulation and praise for the young officer's good judgment. Such are the chops and changes of racing.

The Race for the Gold Cup

Leinster sadly disappointed us. He looked wonderfully well, and performed well until the last half-mile, but then died away to nothing. Personally, I was infinitely more delighted with Irish Wisdom's display. He was my second string, and, as said last week, I had kept him in my eye for this race for some time past. One had no difficulty in backing him at 20 to 1. Imagine, then, the joy and excitement of his supporters, CARBINE among the number, when Irish Wisdom was leading the field two fences from home, and looked likely to win. But there was something behind him that had been gradually improving his place, passing rapidly tiring antagonists one by one, and now threatened an unexpected danger to the leader. It was Mount Prospect's Fortune. Captain Paynter, who they had said "couldn't ride him," brought the horse along with admirable judgment just at the right moment. He gained on Irish Wisdom between the last two fences, and they jumped the final obstacle together. Then the superior stamina of Mount Prospect's Fortune showed itself, for he fairly smothered Mr. McGillycuddy's horse on the flat, and won a great and memorable race by five lengths. Captain Paynter, dead-beat but radiant, had a fine reception when he brought in the winner. It did one good to hear the hearty "Bravos" and the "Well rode, sir!" that went up from losers and winners alike. Sportsmanship at its best can be seen at the Grand Military.

Other Races at Sandown

The failure of the freely backed Pat Cullinan in the Gold Cup was naturally a big disappointment for Mr. R. C. de Crespigny, but he had something to console him on the following day in the shape of the Grand Military Handicap Steeplechase, which was won by his horse Warner, splendidly ridden by his brother, Captain de Crespigny. It was a bit of a facer for those who lament the supposed disappearance of the amateur rider when the first and second in the Imperial Cup on Saturday were ridden by Mr. S. J. Bell and Mr. P. Whitaker respectively. Both these gentlemen are trainers as well as jockeys, and have nothing to learn from the professionals in the art of race-riding. The winner, Perseus II., is a much-improved horse, and I am told that those connected with his stable landed a big stake by his success.

Future Events

Judging from the quotations which have appeared during the past week, one might imagine that betting has been brisk on the Lincolnshire, but as a matter of fact the market is weak and quite unreliable, save in regard to the fact that Land League really is a sound favourite, and is likely to remain so until the end. For the Grand National a new proposition has come along in Mount Prospect's Fortune, who cannot be ignored after his Sandown performance. On Thursday the National Hunt Steeplechase is to be run at Warwick, one of the hardest of all races to find the winner of. Mr. Frank Bibby may prove successful with **Wickham** or **Breemount.** At the same meeting **Ballymacoll** may win the National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase. At Hurst Park on Saturday **Whipsnade** is my selection for the New Century Steeplechase, and at Hooton Park **Seisdon Prince** ought to take the Great Cheshire Steeplechase.

Next Week's Supplement

Next week, in view of the imminence of the official Spring, we shall blossom out with a special Eight-page Gardening Supplement, interestingly illustrated. It will be written by Mr. H. C. Davidson, the well-known authority, and will be of great value to those who take an interest in gardening—as who does not?

The Field at the Second Fence from Home in the Race for the Gold Cup: On the right is Captain Paynter's Mount Prospect's Fortune, the winner

The Soldiers' Meeting

LAST WEEK'S "GRAND MILITARY" AT SANDOWN PARK

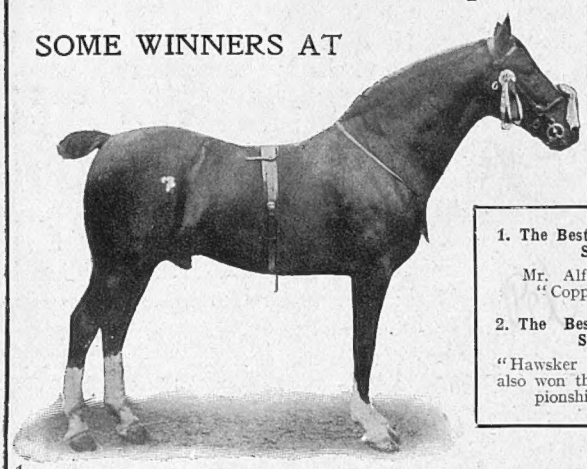
Photos *Sport and General*

The Scene in the Paddock at the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park

With the exception of the Grand National, the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park is the most brilliant of the steeplechasing season. There was a brilliant gathering present on Gold Cup day on Friday last, and though there was a biting wind the sun did its best to make the proceedings as cheerful and spring-like as possible. The victory of Captain Paynter's Mount Prospect's Fortune, though it came somewhat as a surprise after the recent rather poor performances of this horse, was nevertheless a most popular one. The right-hand figure of the small group discussing the result of the Gold Cup is General Brabazon, while the other photograph shows the arrival, with two friends, of Sir Claude de Crespigny

Champions at Islington

SOME WINNERS AT THE HACKNEY SHOW

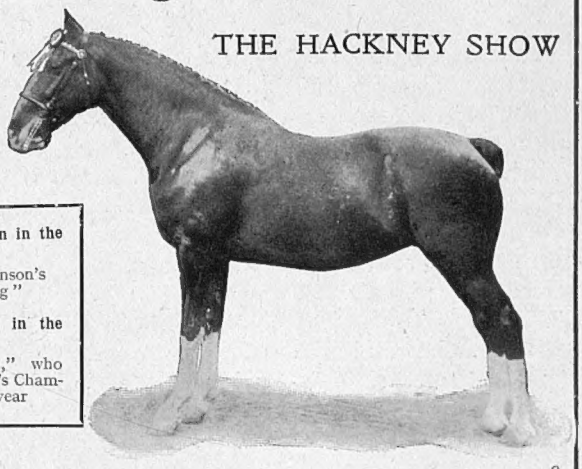


1. **The Best Stallion in the Show**

Mr. Alfred Benson's "Copper King"

2. **The Best Mare in the Show.**

"Hawsker Rosina," who also won the Mare's Championship last year



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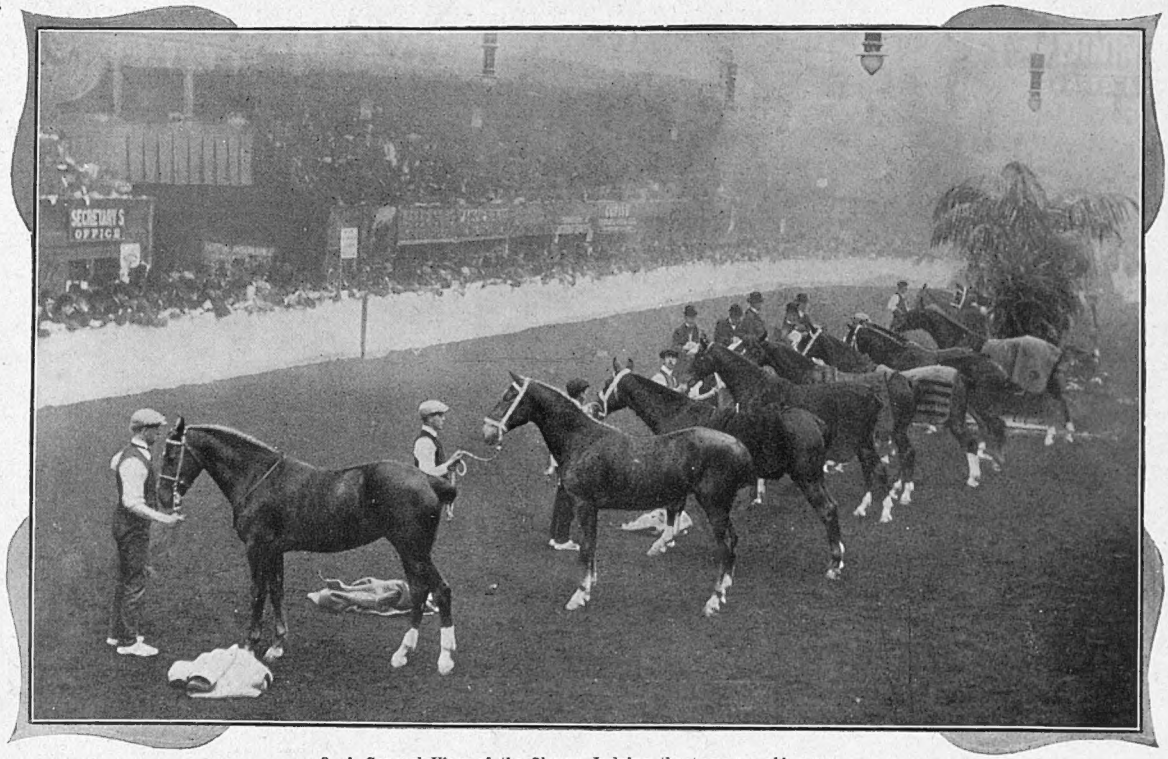
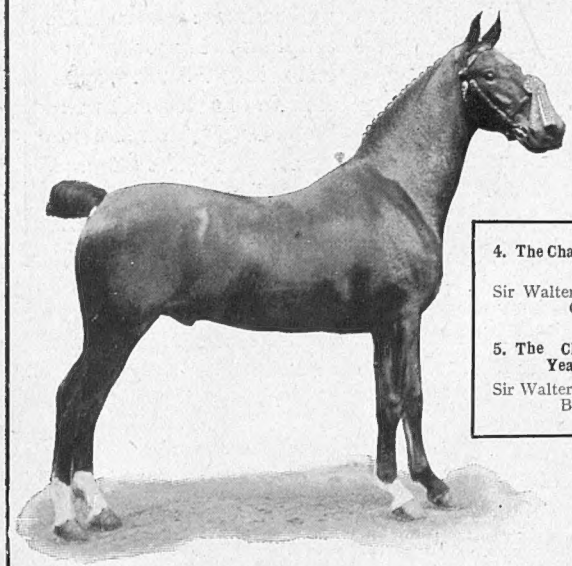


3. A General View of the Show: Judging the two-year-old mares

Although the number of entries at this year's Hackney Show, held at the Agricultural Hall from Tuesday to Friday last week, was rather smaller than last year, the quality of the exhibits was as high as it has ever been before. The attendance on each day of the show was very large, and, for the first time, the proceedings were enlivened by a military band, an innovation greatly appreciated not only by visitors, but, apparently, also by the animals themselves, who seemed to step out in even better style than usual

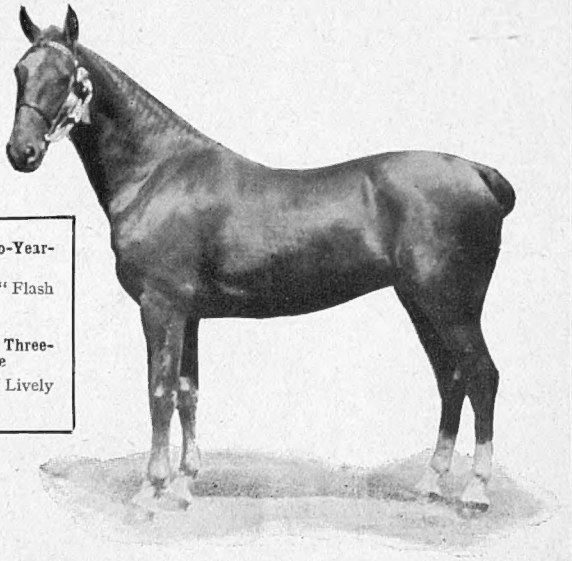


4. **The Champion Two-Year-Old**

Sir Walter Gilbey's "Flash Cadet"

5. **The Champion Three-Year-Old Mare**

Sir Walter Gilbey's "Lively Beeswing"



4. *Photos* *Sport and General* 5.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

A DUBLIN CASTLE INVESTITURE

The investiture of Lord Castletown with the Order of St. Patrick at Dublin Castle on the 29th. Present were many noted members of the Viceregal section of Irish Society—others, however, were not well represented. As a matter of fact, Lord Castletown's selection for the honour of K.P. has not excited great enthusiasm, and only four Knights of the Order were in attendance. His lordship would have received the honour last July, at the King's hands, but the theft of the jewels necessitated the postponement of the Investiture

The King and the Empress

The King, having changed his plans at the last moment, left England en route for Biarritz on Thursday, instead of on the previous Monday, as had been arranged. The reason given for this sudden alteration was that his Majesty wished to be here to welcome the Dowager Empress Marie of Russia, sister of Queen Alexandra, with whom she has come to make a stay. This unheralded Royal visit came as something of a surprise to most people, but, of course, it must be remembered that an element of unexpectedness is absolutely essential for those whose every movement is dogged by that most dangerous of assassins—the bomb-thrower with ideals.

* * *

A Haven from Bomb-throwers

If any of the Imperial house could hope for immunity, it would be our present visitor, whose kindness to the poor and distressed looms large in the land of small mercies. But neither merit nor fortune—an assailant of the past was killed by his own infernal machine—can be trusted far in such a case. Safely arrived in England, however, the Dowager Empress is in quiet haven, and, for a while, can restfully lead a country life at Sandringham with her Royal sister. Not the least attractive part of the simple programme will be the visits to Snettisham, where Queen Alexandra is now having a sea-side bungalow built, and where she and her visitor took many walks along the shore a year ago.

* * *

Farewell to the Premier

Before leaving for Biarritz—where it is to be hoped that he, too, will be allowed some quiet and privacy—the King went to 10, Downing Street, on a farewell visit to the Premier. It is not necessary to seek for any political meaning in this occurrence. The time for such speculations in connection with C.-B. is past. Nevertheless, such a visit, quite unprecedented, was a sufficiently noteworthy event. The King is not by any means a blind follower of precedent, but he does not make innovations without very good reason.

GEN. IAN HAMILTON (*of the Southern Command*) GEN. BETHUNE (*of the General Staff*)

Two Generals who are Touring the Country to prepare for Coming Army Manœuvres

In preparation for the coming manœuvres, a staff ride has recently taken place through the district to be defended against an invading army, which will start from Chatham. The officers concerned have thoroughly scoured the district by motor-car, so that they may be thoroughly acquainted with its features in the coming "conflict"

The Moral of the Kaiser's Letter

A Conflagration of Indiscretions

I am disposed to be entirely complacent over the affair of the Kaiser's letter. It seems to me that much good must inevitably come out of this positive conflagration of indiscretions. For that it certainly has been. First, there was the blaze of Lord Esher's letter to the Imperial Maritime League. He should certainly not have introduced into it the name of the Kaiser. Next, the flare-up of the Kaiser himself. However indignant with Lord Esher and other British critics of the German Navy, the Kaiser should never have chosen the British First Lord of the Admiralty as the confidant of his views. Then, Lord Tweedmouth, who, when he found himself the recipient of such a letter as that of the Kaiser, should have observed a positively grave-like silence, opening his mouth to nobody. Lastly, the *Times* itself. Delighted as I am to observe such symptoms of vitality and *flair* in the great journal now up for purchase, it was indiscreet, not so much in its divulgence of the affair as in the construction it placed upon it, and in attributing "motives" to the Kaiser.

* * *

Vigilance!

The indiscretions admitted, however, it now remains for the British public to draw the true moral. If the affair has done nothing else, it has most certainly served, once for all, to open the public eye to the reality of the "German menace." The Kaiser and the German Press can profess for us all the most beautiful sentiments in the world, but the fact remains that Germany has a vast and ambitious naval programme. It is of no use now for us even to whisper the blessed word, "Economy." We must be vigilant, ceaseless and untiring, and, if need be, Machiavellian. To maintain our naval supremacy, we must stop at nothing. The fate of our Empire and of our island liberty is wrapped up in this struggle, before which all the nostrums of all the schools of political thought are as nothing. As the Germans of the late 'sixties sung "The Watch on the Rhine," the Britons of this decade must sing "Rule Britannia"—but to themselves.

* * *

Dublin Jewels: The Truth Coming Out

Indiscretion is not always a cardinal sin of politics. It is a pity there has not been a little of it in the Irish Office. It is high time that department made a clean breast of the truth about the Dublin Jewels affair. The name of the thief is common knowledge: it has already been mentioned, in invidious association, by more than one paper. The reason for hushing-up is, of course, that the trial of the thief must inevitably bring to light a scandal rivalling in unsavoury detail the Berlin scandals of the late autumn, and involving highly-placed personages. If it is because of a desire to save the atmosphere from pollution that the noxious truth is concealed, it is a false hope. For it already is polluted by innuendo and insinuation. It is impossible to believe, in view of the statements made by Mr. Pierce O'Mahony as to the alleged reason for the dismissal of his half-brother, Sir Arthur Vicars, reflecting as they do so seriously on his honour, that Mr. Birrell will maintain silence as to facts which are apparently within his full knowledge.

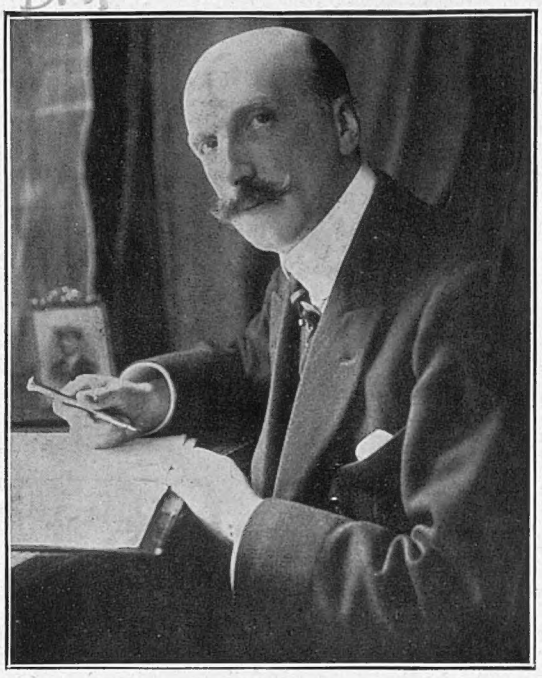


Photo *Mills*

THE MAN WHO PROVOKED THE KAISER'S LETTER: LORD ESHER

His letter to the Imperial Maritime League, containing a reference to the Kaiser, is said to have provoked his Majesty's historic letter to Lord Tweedmouth. Though a great authority on Imperial Defence, he holds the official rank of Warden of Windsor. The Kaiser is said, in his letter, to have advised Lord Esher to "leave ships alone and stick to drain-pipes!"

* * *

A Union of Parties

Following to the letter the high example of the Lord Chancellor, Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, one of the young lions of Liberalism, has chosen as his bride not only a lady from the opposite political camp, but the niece of an ex-Minister. Miss Lucy Lyttelton is the eldest of the three daughters of Sir Neville, and has thus a whole galaxy of brilliant uncles, among them the former Colonial Secretary and the present headmaster of Eton. And not the least successful of the band of brothers is her own father, of the gruff voice and superlative manner, who is just leaving one big job as Chief of the General Staff to take over another as the Irish Commander-in-Chief. Curiously enough, Tory as are the more recent associations of the Lytteltons, they are connected by kinship with the greatest of Liberals, for the late Mrs. Gladstone was Sir Neville's aunt. One of his brothers acted as private secretary to Mr. Gladstone.

* * *

The Candid Friend

The young Member for West Ham—he is quite in the early thirties—is one of the men who get listened to in the House, not without some disquietude on the part of his own leaders as to what he may say next, despite the pacific effect created by his gentle smile and meekly folded hands. As a sojourner in the tents of Ham he sets up for an authority on unemployment, and on this

"Du Crosborough-on-Sea"

HASTINGS JUSTIFIES ITS NICKNAME: ELECTION SCENES

Lady Harcourt (widow of the late Sir William Harcourt) entering her carriage

Her ladyship actively assisted the candidature of her son, Mr. Robert Harcourt

The New Member and his Wife, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Du Cros

The Conservative majority was 1,018

The Liberal Candidate, Mr. R. Harcourt, standing in motor-car

Despite the close connection of his opponent with the motor industry, and the corresponding profusion of cars on his side, the Liberals still managed to muster a few of these useful little contrivances

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

PAID MALE AID FOR SUFFRAGETTES

The Hastings Town Crier cries "Votes for Women!" (at so much per shout)

The Suffragettes hit on a clever device; they enlisted the Town Crier in their service, in his professional capacity. How much sympathy the worthy official had for the cause he cried is not known. But no matter. Dooty was dooty

A Matrimonial Party Union

subject he lately dealt out to the Government a generous supply of straight talk as from a candid friend. He had a fine record at Cambridge—two firsts, a Fellowship at Christ's, and the Presidency of the Union—and since then he has been an Extension lecturer, a Camberwell Guardian, and literary editor of the *Daily News*. His books, "From the Abyss" and "In Peril of Change," have attracted a good deal of notice. He is a brother of Canon Masterman, who holds the living of St. Michael's, Coventry—the future Warwickshire Cathedral.

* * *

Our European Colonies

This is the time of year when the rich man's fancy lightly (or heavily, perchance, if he holds brewery shares) turns to thoughts of migration. Half London is flying, or has already flown, to the winter colonies of the South. Some of the colonists, however, are not birds of passage, but settlers in Rome—such as Lord Strafford. Lord Strafford has not been drawn to the Eternal City by ties of religion—indeed, he is himself a clergyman of the Church of England, and has been chaplain both to Queen Victoria and to the Speaker of the House of Commons, as well as Vicar of St. Peter's, South Kensington. But its historic associations have naturally a strong appeal for a keen classical scholar, one of the few people who still venture to quote Horace in the

Photo Elliott and Fry

Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, M.P.

Liberal Member for West Ham. A devout high Churchman, an orator, and a noted essayist and literary critic. Engaged to Miss Lucy Lyttelton

House of Lords. Lord Strafford has been twice married, and between his heir, Lord Enfield, and Lady Joan Byng, his youngest child, there is an interval of no less than twenty-six years. Lady Joan is only just nineteen. Her next eldest sister was Lady Anne Cuthbert, who met

Photo Langfier, 23a, Old Bond St.

Lady Joan Byng

Youngest daughter of the Earl of Strafford. She is a sister of Lady Anne Cuthbert, whose tragic accidental death at the hands of her husband will be remembered

with such a tragic death a little over a year ago, being accidentally shot by her own husband when they were out together in a shooting-party in Northumberland. Truly, the house of Strafford has suffered countless evils at the hands of the Fates.

* * *

A Premium on Collars

As I briefly noted last week, the investiture of Lord Castletown, the latest K.P., went off all right, and no more jewels are yet reported to have been stolen. The Viceregal party included Lord and Lady Haddo. Owing to "indisposition and other causes," comparatively few knights could be collared—induced to attend, I should say. In fact, there were only four coll—knights, I mean—to be found altogether. Among the *ægrotant* was that, for the time being, all-important official, Ulster King-of-Arms, who was still laid up at Mount Merrion, the Dublin house which Lady Beatrix Wilkinson got from her father, the Earl of Pembroke. Lady Beatrix, by the way, is named after her mother, who is one of the Lambtons, and has another namesake in her sister-in-law, the Lady Herbert.

* * *

Wonderful Wedding Jewels

Lady Herbert is a sister of the Marquess of Anglesey, and, by special letters patent, ranks, like her sister, Lady Ingestre, as the daughter of a Marquess, though their father never held the title. Her marriage to Lord Herbert, a Captain in the "Blues," and a great polo player, took place four years ago, and among her fine collection of jewels is a wonderful wedding present which she received from his Highness the Aga Khan. The Indian Prince's gift was a necklace, a splendid, if rather barbaric medley of practically every gem found in the East—pearls and diamonds of many hues, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, turquoises, amethysts, garnets, and opals. Lady Herbert is, indeed, something of a connoisseur of jewels, pictures, and other pretty things that come under the general head of "bigotry and virtue." She is a good musician, actress, and dancer, and it is still remembered how she brought down the house once at a charity show by dancing the hornpipe and singing "Bill Bailey"—a ballad at that time the very latest cry of vulgarity.

Photo Barnett

Miss Lucy Lyttelton

Daughter of Gen. Sir N. Lyttelton (Unionist). Engaged to Mr. Masterman

A UNION OF PARTIES

AN ENGAGEMENT RECENTLY ANNOUNCED

A Peeress of the Future

Phot. *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

LADY HERBERT

Wife of the heir to the Earl of Pembroke. She is a sister of the present Lord Anglesey. Her husband, Lord Herbert, is a Captain of the "Blues" and a well-known polo player

Patriotism and the Motor-Car

History by Camera

Sir Benjamin Stone, one of Mr. Chamberlain's "We Are Seven," who has announced that he will not seek re-election, is the official historian of the camera, and a specially compiled collection of his photographic works now rests in the archives of the British Museum as a record for future generations. There is hardly a country he has not visited, from British Columbia to the Straits Settlements; and he has snapshotted a South American revolution, and the interior of Big Ben with equal professional calm. His collection of Royal personages is enough to turn Mr. Le Queux a rich grass-green, while the mere M.P.'s in his album are to be counted by the thousand. But perhaps his highest claim to immortality is that he once took sixpence off a Scotch policeman. This astounding feat was performed upon a newcomer to the Parliamentary constabulary who mistook Sir Benjamin for a trading photographer, asked him to take his likeness, and bestowed the above munificent sum in payment. The policeman was so flurried when he found out his error that he clean forgot to ask for his sixpence back.

Photo *Whitlock*

Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P.

The well-known amateur photographer, who has announced that he will not again contest East Birmingham. He is 70, and one of the famous "We are Seven" Unionists

A Patriotic Motorist

In no kind of purchase is the admonition to "encourage home industries" more apt—or, unfortunately, more needed—than in that of motor-cars, and I am glad to note that Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill's latest car is a Coventry Humber. With such good cars as these, or Siddeleys or Napiers, on the market, and with many cars of foreign origin being made in England as well, there is really no reason why any British motorist should go shopping abroad. Lady Edward is not only a very keen motorist, but a first-rate whip, and has taken many prizes in driving competitions at Ranelagh and Hurlingham. She is a daughter of Lady Northwick, from whom she and her husband, who is a great-uncle of the Duke of Marlborough, will some day inherit great wealth. Lord Edward is equally fond of his cars, which he knows with the intimate knowledge of the skilled mechanician. He is an expert in various branches of applied science, has built a church organ, made a brass model of an 81-ton gun, and constructed electric dynamos for his house at Queensmead, Windsor. He also goes in for microscopic research and for astronomy.

PATRIOTISM AND THE MOTOR-CAR

Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill in her new Coventry Humber. So many notable personages of the day favour foreign makes, that it is pleasing, in publishing her portrait, to be able to congratulate Lady Edward on her patriotism in adhering to the home article. Incidentally, she is a horsewoman, who has won many prizes in driving competitions

No White Men Wanted Here

Where White Men Are Not Wanted: A street crowd in Monrovia, the capital of Liberia

Liberia, the West African negro republic is evidently no place for the white man. Not only is it impossible for him to become a citizen or to hold property, but it appears that if he offends the authorities he runs a grave chance of unjust prosecution and slow poisoning, a fate which, apparently, has recently overtaken two British traders. The case is being taken up by our Foreign Office, and strong measures are being brought to bear on the Liberian government

"Do it Now" in the Army

There is to be no place for gilded or pipe-clayed popinjays under the new Army scheme. Mr. Haldane means business, as one can see from the striking list of "Do It Now" people just added to the County Association for London. Mr. John Barker, the draper, is one. He will, no doubt, look after Tommy's togs, and, possibly, as a hop committeeman and horse expert, will keep a weather eye on the mounts and malt liquors. Here he dovetails into Mr. Joseph Lyons, caterer and novelist, in charge, probably, of the food and fiction department; Mr. Paterson, of Carter, Paterson, and Mr. Baxendale, of Pickford's, will, it is to be hoped, give an eye to transport work, and keep Tommy always in the van. While, as a likely result of other arrangements, Mr. Martin Holland, the banker, may shovel out the shillings; Colonel Bryan, of the Metropolitan Water Board, may supply the baths and eke out the beer; Mr. Studd, of the Polytechnic, may provide pleasant afternoons; and Sir Frederick Treves deal with the results of the discussions. The fighting? I had forgotten that. But there is a Mr. Burns, who recently taught a certain gunner a good deal in that line. He might do admirably.

A Prosperous Liberian Citizen and his Family

Sol Hill, a large coffee planter, and probably the richest man in Liberia. Liberia was founded about a century ago as a Republic for freed American slaves. Their treatment of white men is evidence of the present extent of their civilisation

(Illustrations reproduced by courtesy of the Liberia Company)

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No White Men Wanted

Places for which one does not need a return ticket: 1, Liberia; 2, Hayti. Both are negro republics. In Liberia two Englishmen are said to have been done to death by slow poisoning, and the British Government is demanding compensation. In Hayti, a British Naval Commander had a large stone thrown at him as he was driving back from a call on President Alexis. Fortunately his cruiser was in the roads, and a humble apology was made. The Liberian Republic, on the West African coast, was started early in the last century by a number of American philanthropists (or should one more correctly say negrophiles?) as a settlement for freed blacks. Mr. Barclay, the President, visited London last summer.

A Neglected but Delightful Opera

REVIVED BY STOCK EXCHANGE AMATEURS, AND WELL PLAYED AT THE ADELPHI

Mr. Rex Joseph (*Gerard de Montigny*) **Mr. Rex Harold** (*as Bobinet, the gipsy*) **Mr. Alex. F. Aris** (*as Picorin*)

(the rôle of Mr. Walter Passmore, at the Savoy production of the nineties)

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Miss Evelyn Tyser (*as the Marquise*) **Mr. J. M. Cohen** (*as Baron Van der Berg*) **Miss Everell Spain** (*as Mirette*)

The earlier operas of M. Messager, the composer of *Veronique* and *The Little Michus*, are undeservedly neglected. It was, therefore, a happy idea of the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society to revive his charming *Mirette*, which had a short run at the Savoy early in the 'nineties, the English words and music by Messrs. Weatherby, Greenbank, and Adrian Ross respectively. The opera is full of tuneful airs and pretty and comical situations, and was admirably played by the Stock Exchange Company

SKETCHED AT MRS. WILLIE JAMESS PRODUCTION AT CHICHESTER BY NORMAN MORROW

A criticism of the performance appears in "The Playhouses," page 639

Park Lane Improving Its Mind

The Latest Cri de Cœur

Of course, everybody knows that the keynote of English fashionable life in the twentieth century is rank materialism. But somehow, Society has found out for itself that all the useful, comfortable things only lead to the stodgy, the banal, and the dull. And so, just now, it is determined to try the things of the spirit. As I hinted a week or two ago, it is the coming vogue to be uplifted in a serious way—for an hour or so in the afternoon. Lotus eating was all very well in its day, but it is absolutely no good for the figure. The consequent rheumatoid arthritis and those nice, quiet, expensive men in Harley Street have made it clear that you must not go to sleep after lunch, and that it is only by the expansion of the soul that the digestion will work. This discovery has led to a distinct boom in what are thought to be intellectual *causeries* and all that sort of thing. A complex materialism puts forth the flower of a simple soulfulness, and, for the moment, the result is to be found in the *matinées littéraires* in the *salons* of Park Lane. Where Barnato planned for himself a more or less stately pleasure dome, rings out the poetic glamour of the Moyen-Age — Charles d'Orléans, Villon, Marot — or the later graces of de Lisle and Alfred de Musset.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Mlle. Marie de Nys

The charming French actress who recites so gracefully (in French) to select audiences at Lady Sassoon's in Park Lane with most improving effect. The last séance was on Thursday, the 5th

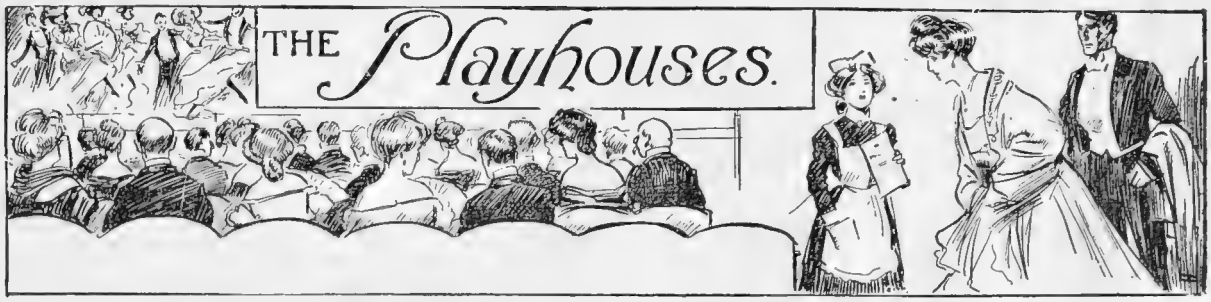
Mademoiselle Marie de Nys

Since Society must become intellectualized, who could do it more charmingly than the De Nys of the Antoine and Bernhardt theatres? Every Thursday this month at Lady Sassoon's in Park Lane, at 3.30, this clever lady will give her readings. Last Thursday it was *Le Roman de Tristan et Iseult*. In a voice of great beauty, and with a manner at once graceful and distinguished, she conveyed to her receptive audience all the passion and the heroism of the chosen legend. When her voice begins to tire, the eloquent Monsieur Raymond Recouly comments upon the theme in a highly appreciative vein. Throughout the hour of intellectualization he supports Mlle. De Nys with enthusiasm. He looks very handsome and surprised if the sympathetic audience are inclined to rustle, and frowns a little if a sable stole falls upon the polished floor. And so the soulful matinée proceeds upon its inspiring way — the hour passes in the delicious music of the lady's voice, and the fine spirit of old romance. When the poets of the middle ages and the Renaissance have told their beauteous tale, the lights of later days will have an opportunity of shining until we come to José-Maria de Hérédia, the Comtesse de Noailles, and the people of our own period. It is all very quiet and charming and serious and splendid, but I would bet a guinea that it will not be quite so generally the rage as was the pseudo-platonism of yester-year.

Striking Photograph of a Lion Cub at the side of its dead mother

"ON GUARD!"

The expression on the face of the cub, whose mother has just been brought down by the Master of Belhaven at Lucania, near Nairobi, B.E.A., will be noted with a feeling of pity. Describing the actual shooting, the Master of Belhaven writes: "This lioness shot on Lucania, a hill twenty-five miles from Nairobi. I was not able to get to within less than 120 paces of the lions, as the ground was absolutely bare, and, had I been seen, the lioness would either have run away or, as she had cubs with her, would very possibly have charged. Fortunately, a '303 expanding bullet caught her in the ribs, whereupon she sat up and roared with rage; a second shot settled her. Three cubs were captured after an exciting chase, and after they had mauled several men's hands"



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

COMEDY THEATRE

"Lady Barbarity"

Mr. R. C. Carton can turn a pretty phrase, but his wit and his ingenuity have availed him little in the attempt to make a workmanlike play of Mr. J. C. Snaith's novel. The dialogue of *Lady Barbarity* comes tripping from the tongue. Is there a comedy note to be struck? Then the adapter strikes it with a turn of speech which would make the reputation of a wit in an evening. A sentimental note? Then the adapter can call up a simile which might make the friends of a poetaster believe that he was shedding his first skin. Badinage and airy persiflage there are a-plenty in *Lady Barbarity*. The play is surprisingly free from banalities of speech — this play which teems with banalities of action. This is a play with not one dramatic thrill. Hold! there is the moment when Captain Grantly presents a pistol at the "fair" head of Anthony Dare, masquerading as a woman. This occurs as the "great scene" in the third act (of a four-act play). But since the audience have been wondering mildly why any man or woman in his or her senses could have failed to penetrate the disguise of the hunted rebel, small wonder that the sudden presentation of the pistol should have failed in its dramatic effect.

Delusion is the trump suit of the playwright. And when he is weak in it, he plays a losing game. When Anthony Dare dons feminine clothing, he amuses or bores the observer, according to the observer's temperament. But not for an instant does Anthony Dare delude the audience into the belief that the masquerader can delude the officer and the men who serve King George II. Hence the play never grips. It creates in the mind of the audience that most fatal of all feelings — the feeling that nothing that occurs matters. Hence, the audience, robbed of their interest and thrills, the essentials, are forced to fall back upon the non-essentials, graces of dialogue, cleverness and charms of the players. Miss Marie Tempest heads the cast, and there would be joy in watching her play in Greek in a tedious Greek play. But in bearing upon her eloquent shoulders this adaptation, one fears that she is attempting the impossible. Moreover, in the attempt to "whoop up" the play she of necessity loses a little of her dignity. Lady Barbarity should be able at times to rest and let the play carry her along. In the play, the actress is forced all the time to have her shoulder to the wheel. Bravely, and employing every grace and charm of which she is capable, does Miss Tempest set about her task. If the play does not reach the stage when even the most judiciously worded box-office paragraphs fail to cover its withdrawal, it will be no fault of Miss Tempest's.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. H. A. Lytton and Miss Shelley Calton at the Pavilion

One by one most of our actors and actresses seem to be taking turns at the halls. The latest to do so are Mr. H. A. Lytton, the popular Savoyard, and Miss Shelly Calton, who will be remembered as having played in many of Miss Ruth Vincent's and Miss Evie Green's parts. They appear in a new musical dialogue, *The Amateur Raffles* at the London Pavilion

Mr. Allan Aynesworth was occasionally too modern, but, on the whole, gave a picturesque and sympathetic performance of Captain Grantly, an officer whom Lady Barbarity, blinded by her love for the rebel, treated in a very shabby manner.

Mr. Graham Browne was ill-suited to the rôle of a man who evades detection so long in woman's clothing. From the moment this manly, sturdy young man, donned a brocaded silk gown, side curls, and a complexion, the situation became almost too sad for tears.

THE CHICHESTER THEATRICALS

In art, as well as in sport, amateurs and professionals are divided off by their ability into two camps. Occasionally, as in billiards, the boundary is a high wall which no amateur can hope ever to scale. At golf, on the other hand, the boundary is a mere stream which is within the power of the amateur to leap. And acting? You laugh at the idea of an amateur actress or actor giving a performance which in any way approaches in merit that of his sister or brother professional of second-rate ability. Then, without arguing the point, I beg you to go and see the very next

Die Lustige Witwe

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS LILY ELSIE

She made her début in the provinces, and first came to London to play the Princess in "The Chinese Honeymoon" at the Strand. Since then she has played small parts in "The Little Michus," "Lady Madcap," "The Little Cherub," and "See See," starring in the latter production during a highly successful provincial tour. Mr. George Edwardes's decision to give her the title-role of "The Merry Widow," at Daly's, caused much discussion, but that his choice was fully justified has been proved by the continued success of that merry entertainment

theatrical entertainment organised by Mrs. Willie James. Apparently Mrs. James can summon from their various pursuits and diversions in the social world, a company able to tackle the most difficult play which ever confronted amateurs. In the Chichester Corn Exchange a Triple Bill was put up in aid of the town Infirmary. *A Queen's Messenger, Op-O'-Me-Thumb,* and *A Privy Council.* The first and third are artless little playlets which need not frighten the average capable amateur company. But the second? Here is a test indeed. This play of Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce is acknowledged to be among the very first of its kind.

You know the pathetic story of little, drab Amanda Afflick and the dreams she wove around rough Horace Greensmith, who once left a shirt at the laundry. It is a little play which calls from the players all the varying degrees of emotion, from broad humour to delicate sentiment. It is where the gay shades off into the grave that the amateur actor fails. The performance of Amanda and Horace given by Lady Susan Yorke and Mr. Hugh Brodie stamp them as players who have mastered the subtleties of a very difficult art. Place them in the cast of a professional company as Mr. Smith and Miss Robinson, and if you "twig" the deception you have a "sense of the stage" which is given to few.

Mention, too, must be made of Celeste, played by Mrs. Willie James, and Mrs. Galloway, played by Mrs. Harold Whittaker.

E. C. S.

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

Amid great enthusiasm, *The Admirable Crichton* was resuscitated last week at the Duke of York's Theatre. After a rest of some four years the play seems to have lost nothing of its glamour, and will probably run for some time. Of the old cast, Mr. Gerald du Maurier returns to his part of the Hon. Ernest Woolley, and plays it with a distinction worthy of a better cause. Within the last few years Mr. du Maurier has gone forward by leaps and bounds, and except for the sentimentality of Mr. Barrie, who insisted on his returning to his original part, no one would have been absurd enough to have asked him to play a minor part in a comedy of this nature. Miss Muriel Beaumont plays her old part of Lady Agatha Lasenby, and it is a revelation to the playgoer how vastly she has improved also. It seems a pity that this charming young actress should be taken away from playing a leading part in another theatre to undertake a minor character in "The Admirable Crichton." Nevertheless, she and Miss Sybil Carlisle, also in her original part, give us much compensation for the extraordinary casting of Miss Miriam Clements as Lady Mary Lasenby. One must not blame Miss Clements because she is not suited to her part, but rather the management, who ought to have known better than to engage her for it. Miss Clements has not the ability to act a light part where a great sense of humour is needed to carry it through effectively. She is melodramatic and *gauche* by turns

Miss Hilda Trevelyan, in the part of Tweeny, rose nobly to the occasion, and her sallies called forth roars of laughter. She is an acquisition to the cast in every way.

Mr. Eric Lewis played magnificently in Mr. Henry Kemble's part, the Earl of Loam. Mr. Lyn Harding, playing the leading part of the Admirable Crichton, achieved a great triumph. He has the face and bearing of the ideal strong man, and, in fact, the whole cast is supremely excellent with the one exception of Miss Clements, who I feel should be condoled with on having been given a part which is so utterly ill-fitted to her talents.

Photo *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Mr. F. R. Benson as Richard III.

Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Benson are at present appearing in repertoire at the Coronet Theatre. This is the last week of their month's engagement, which has been a huge success

A Disgraceful Brawl

Happily for the good name of the English Bar, vulgar brawls, like the very disgraceful one which took place in Mr. Justice Lawrence's Court the other day, are exceedingly rare, so much so that I am not sure that it ought not to be buried in oblivion as soon as possible. I think this would be the case if the row had been between a couple of hot-headed juniors, but the fact that two men of standing and wearers of silk gowns should so far forget themselves and the honour due to their title is so serious that their Benchers have felt themselves obliged to take the matter up. There is also a rumour that the Lord Chancellor has taken action of some kind.

Forensic Duels

A friend with whom I was discussing this incident expressed the opinion that it was one of the things which are better managed abroad than in this country. He stated that on the Continent the first insult would have produced a formal challenge and a duel, in which in all probability neither party would have been seriously hurt, but which would eventually have led to a complete reconciliation, and so have avoided all unseemly personal altercation. If I could feel certain that my friend was right in his premisses I should be very much inclined to agree with his conclusion, but was he? If there is any truth in newspaper reports, horse-whippings, kickings, and nose-pullings are very much more common in France than they are in England, at any rate, among people who would call themselves gentlemen.

Trials to Temper

I really think that it is very creditable to the Bar that serious quarrels should be as rare as they are, for there is probably no profession which puts such a severe strain upon good temper and self-restraint. Of course, there is keen competition in all walks of life, but the doctor, the financier, the manufacturer, and the shopkeeper do not have to pass the day sitting side by side on the same seat with their rivals. It is bad enough when you are losing an apparently winning case to an opponent who practises the rigour of the game, but when he is too clever by half, and tries to snatch victory from your grasp by means which are unfair, but not so transparently dishonest as to call forth the censure of the Court, you require the temper of Job to avoid falling out with him openly.

Mr. Justice Bucknill

It was his unhappy task last week to try, at the Old Bailey, no fewer than four murder cases. As Sir Thomas Bucknill is notably one of the kindest-hearted, as well as one of the ablest and most popular judges on the Bench, the ordeal was a particularly trying one

Shady Tactics

Of course, the great leaders of the Bar, at the Old Bailey no less than in the Chancery Division or the Commercial Court, play the game most scrupulously, and none of the best solicitors will ever employ a man whose methods are in any way doubtful, but to the discredit of the profession be it said that there are many men, some of them with considerable practices and names well known to the public, who, if they see a possible advantage, will hasten to grasp it without stopping to consider whether the means employed are fair or foul. To tell the jury that a witness has said just a little more than he really has, to give your own witness every chance of blurting out something which is not evidence, but which is calculated to create prejudice and unfairly influence a common juryman's mind, are tactics which may be observed every day in the Courts.

Baiting the Judge

It may be said: "Why do not the Judges put a stop to such practices?" The answer is that it is much more easily said than done. In the first place, a shady lawyer may have a perfectly honest client, and it would be very hard upon the latter to make him pay for the faults of his advocate. And also it requires the very greatest tact and discretion to administer the necessary rebuke effectively. For some reason or other, whenever there is anything like a wrangle between Bench and Bar, especially in the defence of a criminal case, the jury are very apt to jump to the conclusion that the barrister is not getting fair play, and consequently to run counter to the judicial admonitions. A good many people take advantage of this, and, instead of following the old maxim, "When you have no case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney," adopt the principle of provoking an altercation with the Judge in order to make the jury think he is prejudiced.

CONTINENTAL CHAT

The English Clubwoman in Paris

Some disappointment is felt that the Queen is not to accompany the King on his visit this year to Paris. Since she was here last year, the interest in her has become almost as great as that taken in her august husband. The little anecdotes which were told of her kindness and gentle, unostentatious interest in deserving works of all kinds, appealed strongly to the homely instincts of the French people. The disappointment is especially keen among the members of the Lyceum Club, who were looking forward with great hope to a Royal visit to the exhibition of the eighteenth century women painters, which has just been opened at the club. This exhibition has been a great success, and crowds have been daily to see it. Unlike the London Committee of the same club, Mme. Besnard does not intend to confine herself to presenting the work of members —for which other members are truly thankful. The idea is, indeed, a happy one; it is not every day one has a chance of seeing a collection of women's masterpieces. A more appropriate exhibition-room could hardly be found. The drawing-room ceiling by Jordaens, the Italian Renaissance doors, and the beautifully carved chimney-pieces are thoroughly in keeping with the pictures. It is particularly interesting to see the work of Mmes. Gerard, Mayer, Capet, Benoist, and Labilleguiard, the last-mentioned a painter whose work, although better than that of Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, has never enjoyed that artist's popularity. Mme. Lebrun, nevertheless, painted by herself, shows up to advantage on the blue satin walls of the club. Marie Antoinette and her children are there, and the Countess du Barry, one of the most complete *delicieuses* on record. She reminds one not a little of Mme. Lebrun herself with her deep blue eyes, rustic hat, and scarf. This masterpiece, which is known all the world over, was purchased in 1793 by the Duc de Rohan, the year of the execution of the unfortunate queen.

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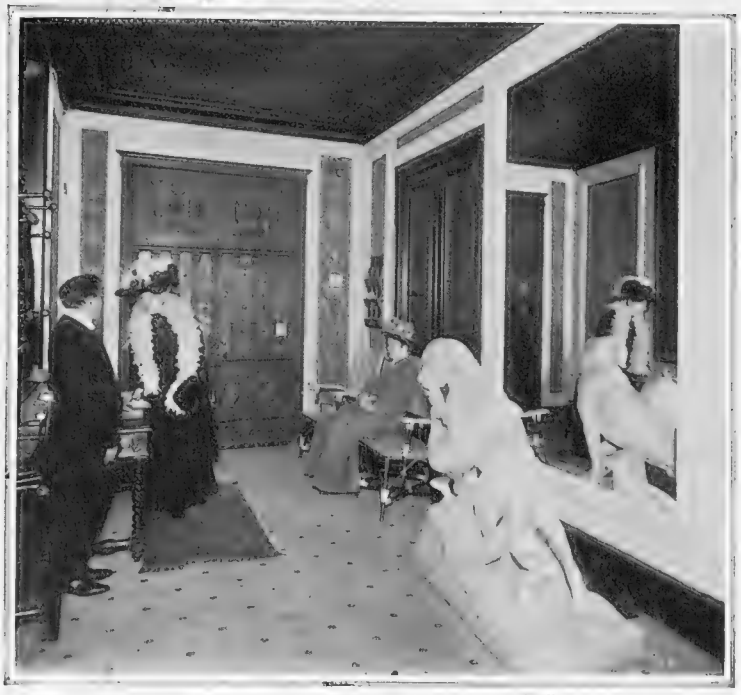
An Operatic Début

The Italian newspapers are enthusiastic about the exquisite voice of Mignon Nevada, who has just made her début in the *Barbiere di Siviglia* at the Costanzi Theatre at Rome. She is there with her mother and father. When I heard her in London before she went I was struck with the extraordinary delicacy and tenderness of her medium notes. As she is only nineteen, she cannot be expected to have reached the full power she is capable of attaining. What has struck Italian critics more particularly is her perfect self-confidence and total absence of apprehension of her audience. In appearance she has a physique which lends itself to stage effect. My Roman informant predicts great things of this new star, and Mme. Nevada's numerous London friends will be delighted to hear of the success of her gifted young daughter.

In the Paris Lyceum Club: The Italian Renaissance door, inlaid with ivory
One of the sights of the Club, which is now so popular a rendezvous for Parisian women



In the Paris Lyceum Club: The Entrance Hall

Parisian women, no less than Londoners, enjoy the luxury of a club for "creative" members of their sex. The club is immensely popular, and already has over 500 members. It is housed in one of the most delightful old buildings in Paris. Note the fine inlaid door—in quaint contrast with the bamboo furniture

Riviera Lawn Tennis Personalities

The Riviera, this year as always, was the theatre of war for the opening shots in the lawn tennis season. The firing proceeds right along the coast from San Remo to Cannes, each resort having its international tournament, the popularity of which—measured in the number of entries and the number of spectators—annually increases. Give me one of these cheery and sunny meetings on the Littoral before any other in the whole British realm. There is that consistency of climate, that tractability of courts, that *camaraderie* among all the competitors, that judiciously managed programme, those luncheon and tea-parties, and other harmless gaieties (not forgetting the fancy-dress ball) which, in combination, exhilarate the jaded Londoner, cast in the midst of these factors, like nothing else. Lawn tennis form, after months of inactivity, may need coaxing back, but the climatic conditions are all favourable, and there is no such thing as the morass which sometimes passes duty for a court in England.

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Old and New Faces

Old faces, as well as new, figure in this year's tournaments. Some are old faces with a new expression. Look at the picture of Mr. H. L. Doherty sitting under the parasol of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and confess the countenance of the little ex-champion reflects his pleasure at being back once more in the racket arena. He may not play as much (and shall we add quite as well?) as in the past ten years; but a year's rest has rejuvenated his spirit. He is getting keen again. A new figure altogether is that of the Rev. R. J. Stone, an old Cambridge Blue, who was more than equal to the task of carrying off the Club Cup at Nice in the absence of Mr. Ritchie. A muscular person is Mr. Stone, and such a good fellow to boot. Does not mind smoking his hooked briar before the gaze of Duchesses, and has been known to play Bridge. Mr. A. F. Wilding is making his third consecutive visit to the Riviera, and this is probably his last, for the young barrister whose only court since he left Cambridge has been a tennis court, will return to New Zealand after the summer season, and there join his father (a Doubles ex-champion, by the way) in partnership. Mr. Wilding owns a trusty motor-cycle, of which he is very proud, and on which he is very intrepid. He makes all his journeys, even those across frontiers and mountains, on his cycle. Apparently sitting in a perpetual draught has no appreciable affect on his play. At Monte Carlo he was irresistible, vanquishing the holder of the Cup, Mr. Ritchie, without the slightest fear of defeat.

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Some Lady Players

Among the ladies on the Riviera this year, of whom Mrs. Chambers, Miss Eastlake Smith, and the Countess Schulenburg, are the best, few have created such a favourable impression and shown such promise as Miss E. Dillon, the finalist at Monte Carlo. She hits with great verve, and, what is much more important, keeps her head amid the many diverting elements that tend to upset the tyro on these courts. A. W. M.

"Fiv'-o'clock" in the Paris Lyceum Club Drawing-Room

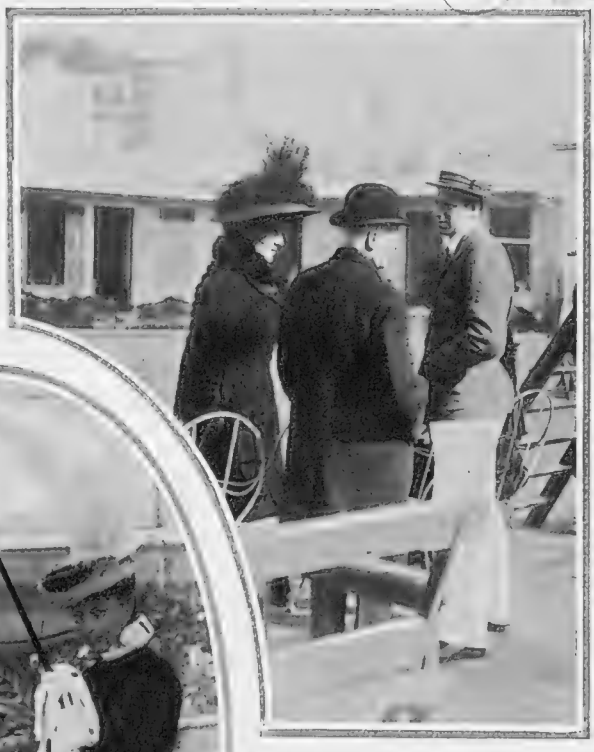
At this function, the room is, of course, packed. The photograph, of course, fails to give an idea of the wondrous colour-scheme, the golden chairs, blue satin walls, and painted ceiling. It is the *dernier cri* of Paris to belong to the Lyceum Club

Riviera Lawn Tennis Season Opens

SOME WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS AND PATRONS

(Left to right)

Mr. Wallis Myers, the well-known writer on lawn tennis, the Rev. R. J. Stone, winner of the Club Cup at Nice, an old Cambridge Blue, and Tom Burke, the well-known Professional of the Puteau Club, Paris



The Princess Batthyany Strattmann and the Prince, with A. F. Wilding, winner of the Monte Carlo Cup from M. J. G. Ritchie

H. L. Doherty with the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenberg-Schwerin

The ex-champion is recovering his form after a year's rest

Photos

M. J. G. Ritchie

Holder of the Monte Carlo Cup, easily beaten by A. F. Wilding in the Semi-Final

Wallis Myers

Miss E. Dillon

A much-improved left-handed English player, who reached the Final of the Ladies' Open Singles at Monte Carlo, and was then defeated by Miss Eastlake Smith

Fish for the London Market

Photo

This photograph speaks for itself. The scene is a striking and a suggestive one—the rugged, eager faces of the fishermen, surveying the take of shining, silver fish, just netted by incoming boats, and ready to be conveyed to London. Owing to the terrible gales round the coast, the fish supply has this Lent been unusually scarce.

A Fine Haul at St. Ives

Douglas

The dispensation granted to Catholics by the Archbishop, absolving them from a continuous fast during the prevalence of influenza, has, however, lessened the normal Lenten demand.

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES.—NO. 120

"THE VAMPIRE"

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

THEY purposely missed the first piece. Aubrey explained to Nora at dinner the inadvisability of being in time for it.

"But wouldn't it be rather amusing," Nora urged, "to see what sort of a playlet Eustace Pilter *could* write?"

"My dear Nora!" Aubrey raised delicately astonished eyebrows. "Isn't it sufficient martyrdom to know the man? Is it conceivable that he should write anything good? And since it must be bad, it would absolutely spoil the evening for me. You do understand that, don't you?" he asked rather pathetically.

Nora gave in at once. When it became a question of Art and the Artist she always gave in at once. Aubrey was very good and sweet about it, she would have explained, but, of course, they both knew that she could never really understand, and that was rather hard on Aubrey. She wished very much that the artistic temperament were a thing she could acquire by practice, but, since it wasn't, the least she could do was to give in on occasions like this.

"And I really am rather looking forward to *The Idol* continued Aubrey. "Peterson says it's the best thing he's ever seen, and Peterson's a judge."

"All right," said Nora cheerfully; "then we needn't hurry. Let's have coffee in the smoking-room."

"Certainly, if you like," Aubrey assented. He had a way of seeming to sacrifice his own wishes to those of another whenever, as now, the other proposed doing exactly what he wanted to do himself.

In the smoking-room, Nora glanced at the clock. "There would be time to tell him now," she thought, and her heart beat faster. "Aubrey——" she began.

"Yes?" He was lighting a cigar. "Oh, half a minute, Nora. I've just remembered that letter to Pratt isn't written. It's only a line, but it ought to go to-night. What a fag." He yawned, and just glanced at Nora. For once she did not anticipate his thought. She seemed to be concerned with one of her own.

"I say, I wonder if you'd mind"—his tone was nicely apologetic, but not in the least doubtful. "I've been at work all the afternoon, and the thought of a pen makes me groan."

"Of course, I'll write it." Nora extricated herself from her rather inconvenient, and, to do her justice, infrequent mood of not attending, and drew off her glove.

"Thanks awfully; you're a brick," he said, as she went to the writing-table. "It's a shame to get you to do it, but if you wrote"—he smiled apologetically—"you'd know how one gets to hate writing a word that isn't going to be paid for—going to be counted, like Saul's and David's Philistines, so to speak, in its thousands and ten thousands, you know."

"What rubbish!" Nora said, indignantly. "You're not a bit like that. You simply put it that way, instead of saying that your hand aches horribly."

It was really only at this point that Aubrey remembered this particular afternoon's work had consisted in reading *The Nineteenth Century* with a view to getting a possible idea for himself out of it. Nora was writing the note to Pratt; if he interrupted her to explain, she would not have time to finish it. Besides, he had a right to Nora's sympathy. There were other afternoons on which he had worked. He sat back in his chair.

"Finished!" Nora said.

"And we ought to start," he suggested. "Oh, but weren't you just going to tell me something? I'm awfully sorry; I'm afraid my stupid letter interrupted. What was it?"

Nora had her back to him. She was fastening the envelope, and her hand trembled a little. Oh, she must tell him at her own time, and in her own way—after the theatre would be a good chance, very likely—and, meanwhile, there must not be any mysteries, any questions or half answers, as though—as though it were an ordinary subject.

"Was I?" she said. "I've forgotten. Oh, Aubrey, could you fasten this last button?"

At the theatre they had a few minutes to spare; the first piece was only just over. Aubrey turned the leaves of the programme. There were photographs of the six actors and actresses who formed the caste, and a full length portrait of the author. A little thrill of surprise shot through him. She was a girl; it was not her sex, however, that took him by surprise, but her youth. A sound escaped him.

"Why, look, Nora! This girl—this child is the author. It's incredible. Why, the—the infant has written two plays before this one, hasn't she? Both successes, too. She must have begun in her cradle." He was conscious of, but at a loss to account for, the sudden wave of antagonism that swept over him.

"She *is* young," Nora agreed wonderingly. "How clever she must be."

He was silent. With the instinct of the writer he was analysing his feelings. What was this stab of fierce enmity? The curtain rose before he found out.

At the end of the first act he turned to Nora with kindling eyes. "It's fine, isn't it?" he said, in a burst of enthusiasm. "The real thing. I didn't see how she was going to do it—she's so young and all that—but it's marvellously simple. These six people are people everybody knows; she'd only got to sit in her mother's drawing-room long enough, and they'd all have called." Again he was conscious of that mental pang. He recognised it now; it was simply jealousy. He felt like a man who, walking towards a prize, sees another running past him, and for the first time realises that it is possible to run. All his life Aubrey had walked; there was no necessity to write for money, and he had written only in certain cherished moods, written slowly, and carefully, and little, hoarding his forces, husbanding his strength. And the result?—the punishment, rather, as he now suddenly saw it?

(*Continued on page 550*)

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

At the Moulin Rouge

MISS MAY DE SOUSA, NOW APPEARING AT THE MOULIN ROUGE
Coming to England after making a great hit as the Queen of Hearts, in Chicago, Miss de Sousa immediately scored a success as the Cinderella in the Drury Lane Pantomime of two years ago. She subsequently appeared in "Castles in Spain," and "The Geisha," and is now delighting the critical audiences of the Gay City

Reutlinger

(*Continued from page 548*)

The cherished moods had come more rarely, had, indeed, of late, come hardly at all. A sudden panic seized him. He must catch up. This girl was running—running all the time, and he was still walking. Swiftly, as though in reward, panic died before another mood, the cherished mood he had missed so long. At the final fall of the curtain he was in a kind of rapture of anticipation. He caught his breath at the rush and swirl of ideas, and his eyes smiled into Nora's. He was going to do better than his best; he could feel it; he must tell someone.

"It's—it's literary oxygen, that play," he said with a laugh, as they drove home. "To-morrow I shall work—heavens!—as I haven't worked for months. A play, Nora! Why on earth haven't I ever wanted to write a play before?" He laughed again lightheartedly. "Oh, it's a heavenly feeling! Don't you know it?"

She looked at him rather wistfully. "Tell me," she said.

He slipped his arm through hers. "Oh, you must know! Suddenly there's an exaltation and a glory; the sun and the moon and the stars bowing down before you, you know; your limitations roll away like clouds, and——" he smiled. "While it lasts," he added rather ruefully.

Nora said nothing; she was afraid of saying the wrong thing—she had so often said it.

He sighed suddenly, and the arm in hers stiffened. He did not draw it away, but the effect was the same. She felt the sting of tears in her eyes, and she could not speak. Yet she had wanted so badly to tell him! Surely the sun and the moon and the stars might have waited till to-morrow. Then she almost laughed, and her hand half sought his. But he spoke first.

"By the way," he said, distantly, chilled by her silence, "I shall want to get to work early. You might see that the servants don't sing hymns for once, will you? And for goodness sake don't let them turn out the room over my head again. I believe they do it every day."

Nora's lips quivered. Too frequently the artistic temperament makes its presence chiefly felt by means of the artistic temper.

"All right," she said gently, "I'll see to it. You know, I *do* tell them, Aubrey; but servants are so thoughtless; they have to be constantly reminded."

He nodded, and then relapsed into silence. Nora was indignant with herself for not having responded to his earlier mood.

"Have you got an idea already?" she ventured, after a while.

He started. "Oh, I don't know! At least, I mean yes, but it's all vague and shadowy yet. I'm not sure of it; I'm only reaching out. Anything might drive it away—it's that that makes me so desperate. Afterwards, when once it gets into swing, it will be different."

"I see," Nora said, softly, and leaned back in her seat. Then it was a good thing, she thought, that she had not told him after dinner. It would certainly worry him, and she could quite well wait a week or two till the play got "into swing" There was time enough.

Still, there was just one point she might touch on without worrying him. She found she wanted rather keenly to have it settled.

"Do you work best at home or away, Aubrey?" she asked.

He turned to her in astonishment. They were at home now, in the hall.

"Nora! What a question! At home, of course. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," she said, and began to mount the stairs. The sudden violence of her feelings alarmed her. She felt a hatred of the high, dark London house, and a wild longing for green meadows, mountain streams, stretches of blue sea—anything that was not grey and brown and black like London.

"Away from home?" His tone was puzzled. "Why, Nora, you can't have thought it possible. How can one write in hotels or *pensions* or seaside cottages?"

"No, of course not," Nora said hurriedly, turning at the landing. For an unguarded instant she let him see her eyes.

"Ah! I see," he said, and his own clouded. "You mean *you* want to go away?"

"No, no! I mean—oh, Aubrey, it's nothing. You know I always feel like that in Spring."

"I wish you'd say straight out what you want, Nora." His tone was faintly injured. "You treat me as though I never tried to do what you like."

"Oh!" she said reproachfully. "You know I don't think that."

"Well, but if you want to go abroad or anything," he persisted fretfully, "by all means let us go. Only for goodness sake don't talk of my working away from home. It must be one thing or the other. When do you want to start?"

"Oh, dearest," she entreated rapidly, "don't speak of it again. Of course, *of course* you must be where you can work best. It was only the selfish idea of a moment. And we—we can go when the play is finished, can't we?"

"Why, of course!" His face brightened. "Just what I should like myself. And if only I can get the situations settled and the acts mapped out the rest will be easy. You know dialogue is my strong point."

"Yes, of course. How—how long do you suppose the other part will take?"

"Oh, one can't be bound down to a day. But I shall work hard while the idea is red-hot, and if you can keep people from worrying me you'll see how I get on." He bounded after her three stairs at a time, and kissed her. Then, for a moment, he held her chin up. "Why are you so white, sweetheart? Headache?"

She flushed rosily. "The theatre was hot. I'm all right."

He nodded, satisfied. "Heavens! I'm in a hurry to get to work," he exclaimed buoyantly. "Come along to bed. Not that I expect to sleep a wink in this state of mind."

But, after all, it was not he who lay awake.

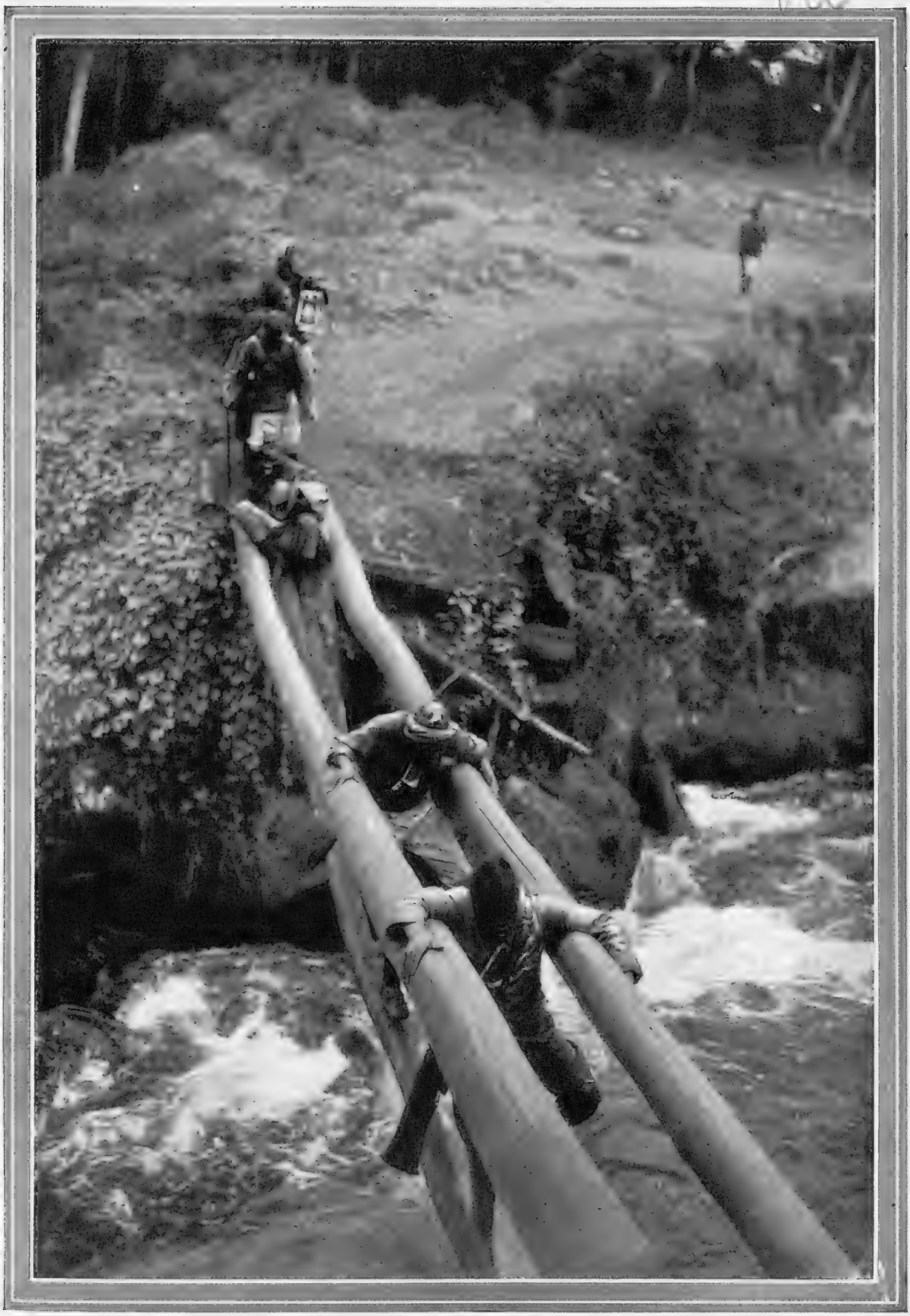
. . . . . .

"The situations," he said gleefully a fortnight later, "are all straightened out, and I see my way gloriously. I'm just going for a walk. Don't let them let my fire out."

Nora nodded. "Oh, Aubrey, how jolly!" Her glance wandered involuntarily to the window, and he paused abruptly. A little furrow of thought appeared between his eyes. "Oh—and I say, Nora, are you

(*Continued on page 552*)

On the Equator



GUN-BEARERS CROSSING A RIVER BY A NATIVE BRIDGE IN EQUATORIAL EAST AFRICA

Although the natives in the picture are certainly "on the Equator" they are not making use of this "imaginary line" for crossing the stream, as our title might at first suggest. This rather hazardous proceeding is accomplished by means of a bridge formed of three tree trunks, two of which serve as substantial balustrades, and the third as anything but an inviting footway

(Continued from page 550)

still so keen to get away at once? Because I'm half afraid—well, you know, I've got to be jolly careful with the dialogue. In a play, you see, every sentence has to tell—has to be another candle lighting up someone's character. And it wants doing, that."

"Yes, I see."

"Still, of course, I promised; and if you want to go——" he paused, expectantly.

"No, no; it's all right," she said hurriedly. "It will be better for the play to be finished first; I quite see. And, after all, it won't be long now, will it?"

"No—I don't suppose so. Only"—his fingers drummed the table rather impatiently—"it's—it's a little worrying to be hurried, you know."

She flushed. "Dearest, I'm not hurrying you! Indeed, I wouldn't."

"No, I know." He walked up and down restlessly. "But you're longing to go, and looking white and run down, and naturally that worries me. And—and I'm doing the best I can. No one can do more. Couldn't you take a little more exercise or something just for these few weeks? At present, you see, I feel rather as though you were timing me with a stop-watch." He laughed a little apologetically, and stopped as he reached her chair. "Oh, am I being brutal, Nora? If you feel I'm asking too much of you, tell me, and I'll throw up the play at once, and come."

She had an almost overwhelming longing to tell him at last, but she crushed it back. He must not be worried, or the play would suffer. And she could not be so selfish. There was still time; the play would be finished in time.

"No, no!" she said. "Of course, you shan't do that."

But later she grew afraid. The play was not finished, and Aubrey was unconscious, absorbed in his work. Week after week went by, and at last she acted.

"Aubrey," she said, one day, "I think, if you don't mind, I'll go down to my old nurse in the country till you're ready to go abroad. London seems to have—got on my nerves."

He looked amazed.

"It shan't interfere with your work," she said, quickly. "I've asked Aunt Laura, and she says she'll come and keep house for you."

"I think," he said coldly, "you might have consulted me first. If you're ill, I shall come——"

"Oh, no, not ill," she broke in; "only a little run down. And—and I don't want to get ill; that would be such a worry for you, and you wouldn't be able to work. So I thought I'd take it in time; and as soon as the play's finished you'll come for me, won't you?"

"Of course," he said. "Only you must make allowances, Nora. Aunt Laura won't be an unmixed blessing; she doesn't know our ways or anything, and I expect I shan't be able to work so quickly. But still, you know I'll do my best."

Nora steeled herself before his tone of patient resignation, but it was hard. She longed to give in.

"Oh, I know, I know!" she said, wistfully. She lingered a minute, but he did not look up.

"It's natural," she told herself, as she shut the door softly behind her. "Of course it looks as though I were indifferent—inconsiderate—selfish even." A little smile parted her lips. "But when he knows——!" She remembered happily, and was comforted.

. . . . . .

Aubrey was right; Aunt Laura interfered rather seriously with his work. When people demanded to see him, she let them; the servants banged doors and sang hymns entirely unrestrained; she herself frequently talked in her ordinary voice to people in the hall, and even immediately outside his door. Still, the play did progress—was finally finished. On the day that he posted it to the Regal Theatre he wrote and told Nora.

And Nora, with a sigh that was half a sob and half a laugh, and entirely a thanksgiving, answered it. At last she told him.

But there was only one outgoing post a day, and it had gone. Her letter waited on the hall table. And the next morning's post brought a second letter from Aubrey, a few hurried, delighted lines. What did she think? The most unheard of good luck. His play had been, so to speak, the straw at which the drowning "Regal" had clutched. Not only was it accepted, but it was to be put into immediate rehearsal to replace the second of two dead failures. Everybody connected with the play was going to be worked to death, himself, perhaps, most of all. But it was to be produced in two or three weeks, and he would only wait for the first night. After that he was coming straight down to take her away. Was she better? Ever hers, Aubrey.

Nora's hand shook a little as she put the note back in its envelope. Then she fetched her own letter from the hall table and burnt it carefully.

. . . . . .

Aubrey held out his hand eagerly as a maid came in with a pile of morning papers.

"Thanks," he said. "I shall want a hansom"—he glanced at the clock—"in half an hour. To catch the 10.22 from Victoria." He opened the first paper nervously. Last night—well, last night the play had been a success, but then, this was morning, and you never knew what the papers would say.

But it was all right. He glanced rapidly through the pile, catching only a word or phrase in each—just enough to know whether it were praise or blame. And it was nearly all praise; *The Vampire* was good.

He turned back to the first paper for a more careful reading. How glad Nora would be. He would take all the papers down with him and read them to her in the garden. Then he smiled. What an absurdity! As if Nora would not have ordered them all days ago, and be devouring them at this very minute, just as he was.

". . . The author of *The Vampire* has not made the mistake of laying on the characters of his creations with a trowel. They are not caricatures, but portraits. The foolish, indulgent, weak mother, the ambitious father, the three daughters—they are all real people. But it is in the Vampire himself, the only son, that the author reaches high-water mark. He is subtly and finely treated, 'and so real that he hurts,' to borrow a remark overheard between the acts. His selfishness, colossal though it is, is unconscious. With perfect amiability, without a hint of misgiving, he demands his daily food—the life-blood of his family. His father's money, his mother's time and influence, the youth, the hope, the health, even the loves of his sisters are, in turn, sacrificed to him. When at last his youngest sister, the only one who sees him as he really

(Continued on page 554)

The Darling of the Youths

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS GABRIELLE RAY

The holder of the proud record of being the most popular actress with collectors of the ubiquitous picture postcard. Her most recent successes have been in "Lady Madcap" and as Cupid in "The Little Cherub," both at the Prince of Wales's. She is now playing Frou-Frou in "The Merry Widow" at Daly's

(*Continued from page 552*)

is, tells him the truth about himself, we rejoice. Now at last he will suffer as he has made others suffer. But does he? It is a question that adds not a little to the fascination of the play. Does the Vampire ever see himself as the audience sees him? We had reached the point where we were on the brink of knowing, and then—the curtain fell."

Aubrey threw the paper down and picked up the next.

"Last night at the Regal Theatre——"

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Aubrey, impatiently. "Hullo! Peterson!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Are you taking a holiday?"

Peterson shut the door carefully, and came forward. There was something odd in his manner, Aubrey noticed suddenly. He wondered again why Peterson had left his practice in the country to take care of itself.

"How's Nora?" he asked. "You've been looking after her a bit, haven't you? Is she pretty fit again?"

Peterson turned away suddenly. "We—we didn't know it would be so soon, Hurst," he said, rather hoarsely, "or, of course, I'd have insisted on your being sent for. But—but the suggestion seemed to worry her so; she wanted you to get through with your play first. I gave in; I thought there was time."

"Time for what?" Aubrey asked in a puzzled way.

Peterson took some seconds to find his voice. "They—haven't pulled through, Hurst."

"Pulled through? Who?"

Peterson turned desperately. "Your wife and child."

Aubrey stared at him, and his eyes were suddenly wide with panic. "Nora?" he said, sharply. "Peterson! For Heaven's sake! Nora isn't——?"

Peterson bent his head. "At two this morning. We never dreamed—and we knew you were coming to-day. Anyway, we couldn't have let you know in time."

Aubrey's eyes never left his face.

"I—I did my best, Hurst," he said, miserably. "Nothing could have saved her."

Aubrey's lips framed a word; Peterson guessed at it.

"The child never lived," he said.

"No, no!" Aubrey frowned. "Nora! Didn't she—what did she say of me before——?"

Peterson's eyes were compassionate. "She didn't know," he said gently; "she—she was wandering a little, talking of all sorts of trivialities——"

"What sort?" Aubrey asked, sharply.

"Oh, she thought she was at home, you know. Little everyday things — telling servants not to bang doors, and visitors that you were busy. Only scraps like that. You see, Hurst, she had been rather foolish. She ought to have told you at the beginning, and not overtaxed her strength as she did. But I suppose she didn't realise it, and she was so anxious you shouldn't be worried. And, at the end, it was those little things from the first months that came back to her."

Aubrey's head sank to his arms on the table. Peterson watched him helplessly. What could he do?

Suddenly, with an impatient movement, Aubrey swept away the paper on which his arms had been resting. It fell with half a dozen others to the floor. Mechanically, Peterson picked them up. His eyes rested on the first one.

"Does the Vampire ever see himself as——?"

"*The Vampire*" he remembered. "Of course, that's the name of his play. So he was reading the notices when I came." He glanced hastily at the two or three paragraphs he could see without rustling the pages. "Going to make a stir, too." His eyes fell to Aubrey's bowed head. "Poor devil! What confounded hard luck!" he thought.

He touched Aubrey's arm gently. "We can just catch the 10.22," he said.

Aubrey raised his head. There was something in his expression that made his friend pause expectantly.

"Yes?" he said involuntarily.

Aubrey's eyes travelled to the clock. "Yes, we can just catch the 10.22," he repeated.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

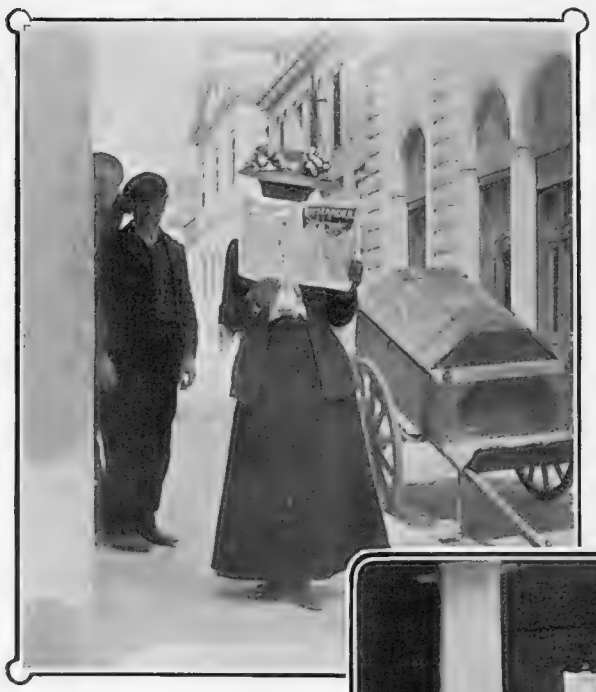
"THE TALE OF A TAIL LIGHT"

Photo *A. Gordon Smith*

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS

"Of Which All Europe Rings"

"BYSTANDER" READERS ON THE CONTINENT AND AT HOME

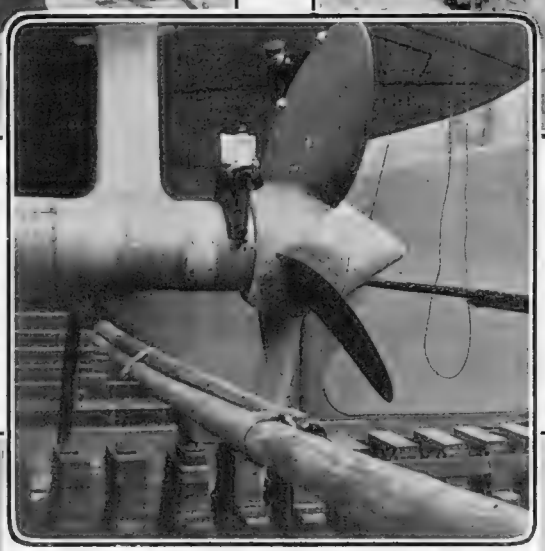


A Corner in Greece

A reader in the streets of Volo, a port of Thessaly, a spot seldom visited by English people.—Sent by Miss MARGARET LONGWORTH, Clerk Hill, Whalley, nr. Blackburn

Among the Ligurian Alps

On the edge of a knife-like ridge overhanging the valley of Tanaro, where there are the remains of fortifications dating from the Saracen invasion of that region in 850 A.D. There are many legends told by the Piedmontese in the locality of the outrages committed by Saracen deserters turned brigands, who lived by harrying the neighbouring villages.—Sent by W. H. and G. M. PARKINSON, Woodbridge School, Suffolk



On the Port Propeller

Of a battleship in dry dock at Chatham, a difficult position to reach, as the screw is some 30 feet above the dock floor and 10 feet above the poles shown. The position was reached by throwing a rope over the lower leg of the A frame bracket and swarming up it

Readers in High Life

A Tyrolean shepherd and his flock discussing THE BYSTANDER on the top of a peak in the Dolomites above Cortina, Austrian Tyrol.—Sent by Mrs. S. COOKE, Rothley, Christchurch Road, Norwich

Golf Notes and Notions

Staleness

What a horrible word "stale" is, and what hosts of unpleasant things it connotes! It is a word of ominous meaning to all athletes and players of games, and by most of them it is carefully guarded against. At the first approach of staleness the rower, the runner, the tennis player, take warning and abstain for some necessary period from their beloved pursuit. But golf being deemed an un-athletic game, its votaries apparently consider themselves immune from the dangers of staleness. Yet, sooth to say, no one is more liable to staleness than the golfer. Only, in his case, the approach of the malady is as slow and insidious as is sometimes that of the present rampant influenza. More especially, too, do the modern conditions of the game lend themselves to the attack of this odious enemy. In former days, let us say even no longer than twenty years ago, golf was essentially a summer game. When the summer season was over the golfer played but intermittently, if at all, and even the most ardent followers of the game were content with, at most, one day's play a week.

No Off-Season

But nowadays there is no off-season. No sooner is the season over at St. Andrews than the make-shift charms of inland and suburban golf claim the true disciple, and he rushes down daily by train to Sunningdale, Woking, Walton Heath, or Mitcham, confident in the belief that his strivings with the giant courses of the North will have made him an easy master of the various suburban courses which have sprung, like mushrooms, into existence during the last decade or two. Consequently the modern golfer takes no rest. He is always at it. Golf being a walking game he can keep on playing practically for ever. At golf I have seen enthusiasts, during the Amateur Championship week, who have been put out of the Competition, playing three or four rounds on as many days as possible, favoured by the long days of light of the early summer. The result of such a debauch of play is that they knock their game to pieces.

The Course of the Disease

It is not of them I wish to speak, but of the golfer who plays his regular daily game throughout the year, generally on the same course, for months together. Now, how will such an one begin to feel the advance of the inevitable enemy? Well, the disease may attack a player in various ways. He may have a sudden collapse and find his game go to pieces from top to bottom, from driving to putting, with all the intermediate stages thrown in. This is a rare form, and is more properly to be called unfitness or illness than staleness. The more usual form in which staleness manifests itself to a player is by a slow but progressive decay of his game. Probably, just before the attack begins, he has been playing at the top of his game. Driving, approaching, putting, all the departments have been in admirable order. Then one day he finds something wrong in one of the departments. He can still drive and putt, but his approaching is just a little off. He fluffs or tops one or two shots which but yesterday he really could not help laying dead. This disturbs him, and makes him anxious. Perhaps, next day, the rot extends and attacks his putting, while finally his driving begins to show signs of infection.

The Only Remedy

If the player persists in disregarding these warnings and goes on playing he will find at last that all his clubs will feel uncomfortable, his grip awkward, his stance wrong, while his swing will seem unnatural and more like a series of jerky sections than the smooth, easy, and flowing movement it should be. When this stage has arrived, and he has become a burden to himself, to his partner in a foursome, and even to his adversaries, then it is high time for him to give himself a holiday from golf. He must take drastic action. He must go away, leaving all his clubs behind him, and betake himself to some healthy spot where he must occupy his time in everything he cares for except golf. That must, for a week or fortnight, be absolutely barred. Then, if I mistake not, at the end of this period he will return like a giant refreshed with renewed ardour and fresh capacity for the game with no trace of staleness about him.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Mr. S. J. Chesterton (Mid-Surrey) Bunkered

Mr. J. Livingston (Mid-Surrey) who beat Mr. A. A. Reid

Photos *M. Dixon*

Mr. C. L. Macdona (Cambridge) who beat Mr. J. B. Dudgeon

The match between Cambridge and Mid-Surrey, at Richmond, on Saturday week, resulted in a win for the home team by 6 points to 3. Despite the fall of snow in the early morning the course was in excellent order, and several most interesting rounds were witnessed

By Field, Stream and Covert

Photo *C. Winter-Wood*

The New Master of the Britannia Beagles

Commander H. T. Buller, R.N. (son of the late Admiral Sir Alec Buller, G.C.B., K.C.B.) in the centre of the picture, with the two whippers-in on the left, and Mr. Dobb and his son on the right, the holders of the farm at Yealmpton, where the hounds met on February 24. Commander Buller has succeeded Captain Brand both at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and as Master of the Beagles

In the Hunting Field

The stormy winds blew all scent away and spoilt sport just at the end of February, and then came some heavy snowfalls to stop hunting altogether in some of the northern countries. By the time these pages find their readers the elements will possibly have settled down, and the little spell of frost and snow will doubtless have improved scenting conditions. Frost has a wonderfully sweetening effect upon the land, and the hunting season which sees no spells of hard weather is usually a very bad one for scent. The end of the season is now little more than a month ahead, and followers of hounds are bent on getting as much fun as they can in the time. The Albrighton Hounds, of whom we give a page of illustrations, have had an excellent season, and Col. Goulburn's Mastership, now in its third year, has been very successful.

Ash Wednesday

Ever since the Great Wood run of '71, in the Badminton country, Ash Wednesday is the day of the season, and people come from all parts of the world to have an Ash Wednesday with the Duke. The tradition which is maintained by meeting always at the same spot and drawing the same covert as on that first occasion over thirty-five years ago, accounts for the sentiment which draws everybody who can possibly raise a horse to Swallett's Gate. Once upon a time there was a very sporting parson within the Duke's dominions, and rumour hath

Photo *Cribb*

Meet of Lady Gifford's Harriers at Stoke

Lady Gifford, an enthusiastic "Master" of Harriers greeting followers on the Sussex Downs

it that, from long brooding over forbidden joys, on the Sunday before Shrove Tuesday he made the following announcement of forthcoming services: "And on Wednesday next, being Ash Wednesday, service will be held at Swallett's Gate at eleven o'clock."

The Horse Show at Olympia

A good start is something more than half the battle in the way of horse shows, and at Olympia last year the International Show got everything that could have been wished for in the way of a brilliant send-off. Society embraced this new attraction with open arms, and we can be quite sure that it will continue its support, because this year the show is going to be larger, better, more elaborate than ever. I was told last week that already one half of the seating accommodation had been booked—and the show does not open until June 18. Truly, nothing succeeds like success; yet we must ungrudgingly admit that the promoters of this great exhibition thoroughly deserve their triumph, as their work has been one of marvellous organisation and broad-minded management. All sorts of "famine prices" were paid for seats, but I am glad to hear that the tickets are being carefully apportioned this time, and there is no chance of anyone making a "corner" in them.

This Year's Great Prize List

Entries do not close for another two months, and they are certain to eclipse last year's figures. In a small way I myself have had opportunities for seeing the tremendous interest which this show is arousing all over the world. Inquiries have been addressed to me by intending exhibitors from all parts of England and the Continent. Before me as I write are letters just received from correspondents in Yorkshire, Essex, and Cologne, asking from whom schedules may be obtained. It may be as well to state, therefore, that Mr. F. F. Euren, of 13, Hanover Square, W., is the manager (for Europe) and a very energetic, far-seeing manager he is, too. What a mighty production the schedule is! Prizes run to £10,000, an amazing figure for an English horse show, and three times as much will be spent on the display. Olympia will present even a more dazzling appearance than last year, and all the stables are to be tastefully decorated.

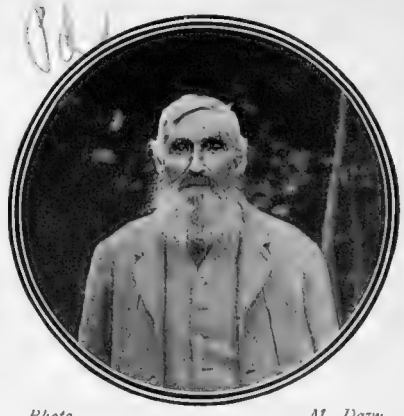


Photo *M. Davy*

Arthur Aitken

A familiar figure to all those who have fished on the Spean or Lochy. It is fifty-eight years since Aitken first came to Lochaber, and the long cast at Cour Pool and the short cast at Tumbledown have become historic through his skill

Mr. Vanderbilt and the Show

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt is reported to have said that he will not be exhibiting this year. Everyone will regret this, if it be really so, because his fine harness horses were certainly one of the features of the Show last summer. However, I very much doubt whether he will be able in the end to resist the temptation of competing in the four-in-hand classes. The name of Vanderbilt seems to exercise some sort of magic in this country, and last year the most frequent question heard at the Show was, "Where are Vanderbilt's horses?" Many people searched their catalogues for them in vain, and were bewildered and disappointed in consequence; but, of course, the horses were there all the time. With a modesty not always noticeable in our Transatlantic visitors, he preferred to enter his stud as the property of "The Oakland Farm," and some of the crowd, seeing the horses in that name, did not know that they were Vanderbilt's at all. Even if Mr. "A. G." does not exhibit, he will again take a prominent part in the Show, as he will judge several of the "appointment" classes. The cabs will also come under his judgment (if the popular motor "taxi" has not driven them all off the London streets!)

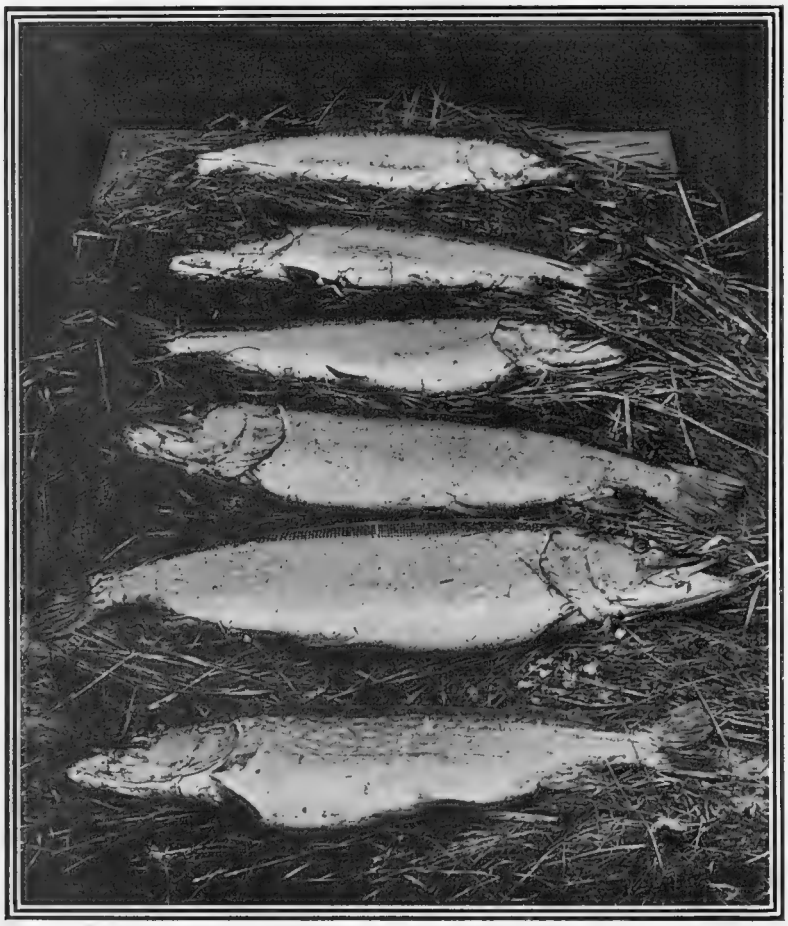


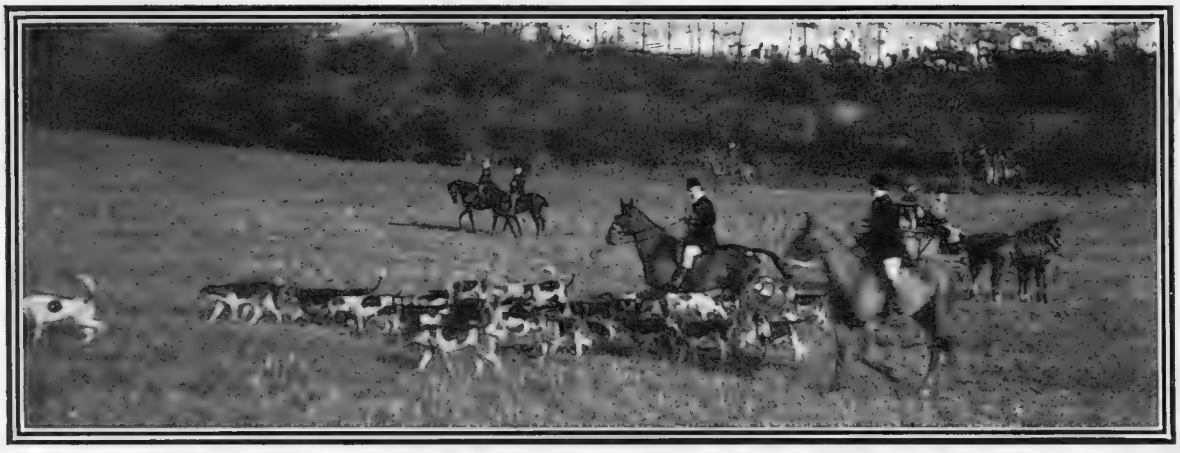
Photo *Halftones, Ltd*

A Remarkable Catch of Pike on Wroxham Broad

Mr. William Smith and Mr. Jacob Spachett, of Lowestoft, fishing with a rod and line and live bait in a gale that lashed the surface of the Broad into a miniature sea, got no fewer than seven fine jack, weighing respectively 10 lbs., 13½ lbs., 14 lbs., 15 lbs., 17 lbs., 20 lbs., and 27 lbs. Six of these are in our photograph

A Meet of the Albrighton

Claverley Church and Village, where the Albrighton Hunt met recently



The Master, Colonel C. M. Goulburn, and the Albrighton Pack

Photos *Miss Clayton*

A Meet of the Albrighton Hounds at the "King's Arms," Claverley

These hounds have had an excellent season's sport, which is their third year under Colonel Goulburn's leadership

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"Modern Egypt." By the Earl of Cromer. (Macmillan: 24s.)
"Principles of Western Civilisation." By Benjamin Kidd. (Macmillan: 5s. net.)

NOVELS

"Nor All Your Tears." By Maud H. Yardley. (Sisley's: 6s.)
"The Future Prime Minister." Anon. (E. Grant Richards: 6s.)
"The Heart of a Child." By Frank Danby. (Hutchinson: 6s.)

Lord Cromer's "Modern Egypt"

Lord Cromer is, of course, the only possible living writer of a history of *Modern Egypt* (Macmillan, 24s.). He is also the only impossible one. How can the hero of the fray be its best chronicler? True, he knows much more about it than anybody else, but will not his sheer modesty prevent his appraising aright his own share in it? Rather will he minimise his heroism, contenting himself with a diffident pat on the back now and again, but more often, probably, administering to himself a rap over the knuckles for a blunder of tactics of which he alone has been conscious. Any other narrator, though he may know much less about the inner facts, might more accurately distribute praise and blame. Lord Cromer, of course, is the hero of the modern Egyptian drama. But, the very fact that he is Lord Cromer prevents his treating the subject with the needed critical detachment. He was the "man behind." What did he see of the play?

* * *

An Attack on the Gordon Legend

But, that admitted, Lord Cromer's book is of wondrous interest. Not a brilliant stylist, he writes soberly and with dignity, lucidly and with force. Most arresting, of course, are the chapters in which he gives his long-awaited criticism of the Gladstone-Gordon fiasco. He, no less than other critics, stigmatizes the conduct of the Cabinet of 1880 as vacillating, weak, improvident, and cowardly. He condemns Gordon, whom he describes as lacking in coolness, self-control, clear-headedness, and consistency, and denies that he possessed any of the qualities fitting him for his task. Here again, without presuming to question Lord Cromer's estimate, one feels that the official critic is not always the best criterion for posterity. With all his faults and his failures, the perverse public will, despite Lord Cromer, still regard Gordon as a martyr and a hero, just as it still calls the blunder of Balaclava glorious. The official critics can write histories, but they cannot unwrite poetry; and it is the poet, not the historian, who informs posterity. It is worth while, by the way, at the present juncture, to have Lord Cromer's definite repudiation of the doctrine of "Egypt for the Egyptians" now being promulgated in London and in Cairo. "It was," he says, "and is—impossible." Egypt has, from earliest days, been ruled by foreigners; and it is destined, apparently, ever so to be—though England, as Lord Cromer reminds us, never willingly undertook the task of ruling her.

* * *

Socialism and the Critic

I have lately been inundated with books and pamphlets on Socialism, for and against. Exactly what a reviewer is expected to say about such publications I do not quite know. If to express his opinion on their literary merits, that is easy, for they are, as a general rule, of surpassing excellence. To go any further, however, is almost impossible without becoming controversial. A man can easily and gracefully sit on the fence between the plains of Liberalism and Toryism: but to attempt to balance himself between the precipices of Individualism and Socialism is foolish and perilous. He must adhere to one or the other. Compromise, and he falls into the abyss of fatuity.

* * *

Why One is an Individualist

As a critic of sorts, I am, of course, an Individualist. The sense of self-preservation alone restrains me from contemplating Socialism even for one moment. Under its auspices, so monstrous an anomaly as a Critic, wielding as he does the power to praise or blame the creations of his fellow literary workers, would be at once suppressed. Having signed ourselves on as Writers, we should all be seated at desks, and given pen, ink, and paper, and made to write "stuff" of whatever sort happened to be wanted by the State, for a fixed number of hours per day, in exchange for a fixed ration of bread, meat and soap, clothing, and a bed, with, perhaps, a pipe of tobacco for a *bon mot*, a bottle of burgundy for a sage maxim, or a half-holiday for a pretty poem.

* * *

What the Respectable Socialists Say

But, despite these fears, it is well to have before us the careful conclusions of sane Socialists, and I am glad to note the publication by the Fabian Society (A. C. Fifield, 44, Fleet Street) of a series of booklets, price 6*d*. net, in which these are set forth. The subjects dealt with are "Socialism and Religion," "Socialism and Agriculture," "Socialism and Individualism," and "The Basis and Policy of Socialism." The Fabians are not wholly theorists. Believing though they do in "the reorganisation of Society by the emancipation of Land and Industrial Capital from individual and class ownership, and the vesting of them in the community," they do not advocate immediate confiscation of property. They await their opportunity, as did Fabius, the soldier from whom they take their name. I can read Mr. Sidney Webb's exposition of his faith, and yet feel that he is a man and a brother. He defines Socialism, on p. 22 of "Socialism and Individualism," as "nothing but the extension of democratic self-government from the political to the industrial world." Really, thus stated, it seems the very soul of political respectability; one could roll that over one's own tongue from one's seat in one's own club, or at lunch with one's grandmother, without fear of expulsion. If they will give us more of this, and less "broken bottles," many of us may become Socialists, and the

Fabian Society will, to avoid over-crowding, have to raise its subscription.

* * *

A Little Much-needed Philosophy

Those who wish to get right down to the roots of the question, to get back to first principles—if they have time for such a luxury—are to be recommended the study of Mr. Benjamin Kidd's *Principles of Western Civilisation*, a new edition of which reaches me from Macmillan (5*s.* net). Mr. Kidd, as is generally known, seeks in his various works to apply the Doctrine of Evolution to sociological theory, and the above-named volume is a bold and masterful statement of that aspiration. It analyses the Individualist position searchingly; tells us the foundations on which it rests, and summarizes authorities. Then it delivers the indictment against it. Mr. Kidd attacks the *laissez-faire* of the Manchester School, and censures its lack of social conscience. In this work he prepares the mind to accept some form of State Socialism, and I believe that one of those who sympathises with his tenets, who, in fact, has materially assisted him in their formulation, is his old chief at the Inland Revenue Office, Lord Milner, in whose recent speeches to Liberal Unionists has been noted a distinct flavour of State Socialism.

* * *

Behind the Fiscal Scenes

The anonymous author of *The Future Prime Minister* (E. Grant Richards) is either very much indeed "in the know" as to the inner history of the great Fiscal agitation, or he is a mighty good guesser. The story tells us of a young tradesman who, ruined by adverse foreign tariffs, takes to politics. He fights one seat on the Tariff question and is defeated, but the second time he is victorious. There is a slight love interest. But the most notable thing about the story is the bold way it introduces us to "the Right Hon. Joseph Mettlefold," "Mr. Golfore," and "Mr. Chapeldale." The interview between the young hero, Mr. Ellis, and the Birmingham Titan is striking. It would be of political value if founded on fact. Ellis is sent for, on the eve of the General Election, by the ex-Colonial Secretary, and talked to upon the Fiscal question. In reply, Ellis tells the right hon. gentleman point blank that his Tariff scheme is all right, but that he made a bad mistake in talking about the taxation of food to give a preference to the Colonies! And the statesman gives no very definite answer. The inference intended is that the policy of Ellis himself, which advocated only the taxation of foreign manufactures, is the right one for the country. The characters are not sufficiently clearly portrayed for this to rank high as a political novel: they are only talking-machines, with little human appeal. Still, the book has some force read as Tariff Reform propaganda. Possibly it is by some moving spirit of the Parliamentary "Confederates"?

Photo *Kent and Lacey*

Frank Danby (Mrs. Frankau)

The lady who writes as "Frank Danby," and who wrote "Pigs in Clover," has a new novel published by Messrs. Hutchinson. It has the title, "The Heart of a Child," and it consists of "passages from the early life of Sally Snape, Lady Kidderminster." Sally began life humbly, eventually got to the stage, and then jumped into the peerage—which might all be fact instead of fiction

New Novels

A novel of love interest to be recommended is *Nor All Your Tears* (Sisley's), by Mrs. Maud H. Yardley, the author of "Sinless," and wife of the popular Bohemian well known to *Sporting Times* readers as "Bill of the Play." Mrs. Yardley's subject is a modern girl, free in thought and defiant of convention, who unwittingly compromises her reputation by blind belief in a certain man's matrimonial intentions. Left alone and penniless, she goes to this man and invites him to be true to his troth. To her surprise and horror, he then reveals that he had no "intentions," but is already married. The girl has to take refuge in the far country with two prim aunts. While there, she falls in love with another man, and all would have been well but for the fact that she meets the wife of the man who had betrayed her, a pleasing character, but one whose sense of duty compels her to make known what she knows of Valerie to the man who now loves her. The result of this is bad. Valerie, driven back again to London, again compromises herself with her former lover. The ending is tragic. The story, though direct enough in its treatment of the theme, is quite fresh and free from objectionable detail. The heroine is an attractive girl, easily understood and pitied, and her misfortune is clearly traceable to the villainy of the male creature. Mrs. Yardley is to be complimented on so notable a step forward towards higher honours in the field of fiction. She shows increasing dramatic power, has a pleasing style, and no infirm grip of the art of characterization.

* * *

A word, too, in recommendation of a graceful, well-told little story, *Her Besetting Virtue*, by Mary Stuart Boyd (Holder: 6*s.*). The heroine is a girl who, through generous renunciation of wealth, loses a fickle lover, but, in the course of self-sought poverty, gains a true one. A pretty romance, with a definite theme and a number of piquant and well-told situations. The chapters dealing with the heroine's life in a London boarding-house are realistic and amusing.

* * *

Frank Danby's new novel, *The Heart of a Child* (Hutchinson: 6*s.*), traces the upward social progress of a girl of the gutter. From dancing to a barrel-organ, she passes into a jam factory, and thence, the victim of a motor smash, *viâ* a hospital, to a West End dressmaker's. Taking the chorus of musical comedy *en route*, her progress to the Peerage, as the wife of a giddy young Marquess, is conventional—though, of course, Mrs. Frankau's method of relating it is anything but that. However, it has very much more sentiment of a genuine, pleasant kind, and draws less conscientiously on real life for its portraiture than her previous stories. Mrs. Frankau here gives us scenes from average life, enacted by average types, which is something of a welcome change. V. C.

The Impending Boat Race

WILL CAMBRIDGE WIN AGAIN?

Photos *Sport and General*

In a little more than a fortnight, the race will be upon us; the crews' chances are, therefore, arousing the usual keen speculation. The odds are two to one on Cambridge, but not so much because of their superiority as because of the singular ill-luck in the matter of illness which has been the lot of the Dark Blues, one of the victims of which has been the President, Kirby, himself. The state of the Cambridge crew a fortnight ago was not considered satisfactory, and Stuart had to resort to drastic measures, one of which was the exclusion of Mr. Baynes (No. 5), who rowed so brilliantly in previous years against Oxford and Harvard, and the substitution of J. S. Burn (No. 4), whose place was taken by Kitching. Our photographs show (1) the Cambridge Eight with (inset) Major Wauchope, D.S.O., their coach, and (2) the Oxford Crew, after a practice at Henley, receiving a little lecture on their faults, with their coach, Mr. Guy Nickalls, inset between the two photographs

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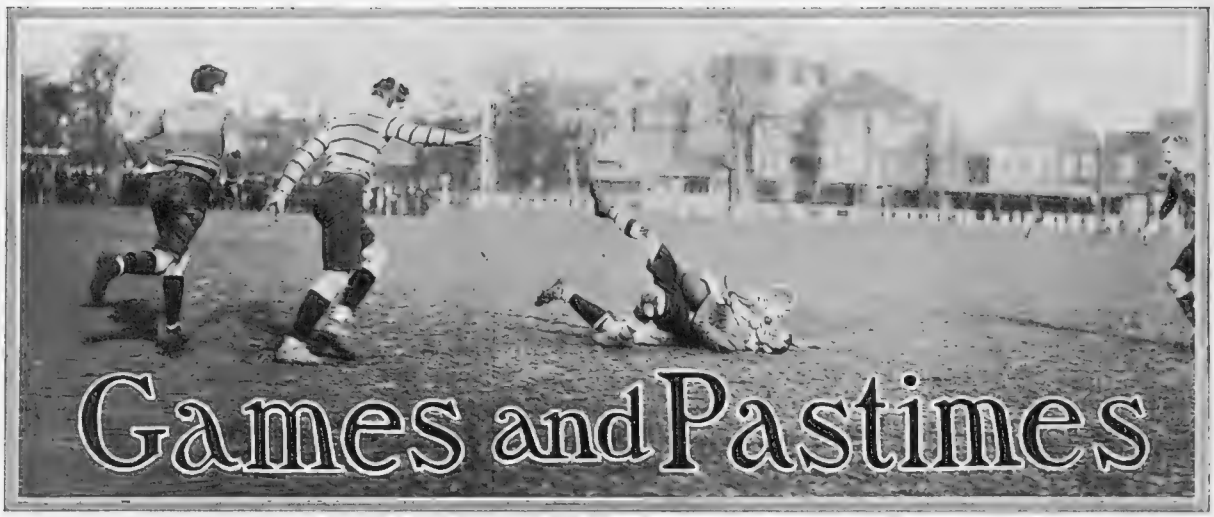

Photo *Dixon*

Inter-Hospital Rugby Cup: Guy's beat St. Bart's by 10 points to 3, at Richmond, after a stiff fight

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Guy's Hard Pressed by Bart's

Guy's were regarded as being so certain of, at any rate, reaching the final of the Hospital Cup, that the stubborn resistance offered to them by Bart's has taken everybody by surprise. At their first encounter the result was a pointless draw, while in the replay last Wednesday Bart's led by a try to nil at half-time, and Guy's had to put in all they knew to catch them up. Another half hour elapsed before the equalising try was obtained. After that another try and a clever dropped goal (with the left foot) by Stringer, gave Guy's the victory by 10 points to 3.

HOCKEY

Hockey and the Full Blue

One thing which will make the present hockey season memorable is the giving of full Blues to the Cambridge team for the first time in the game's history. I am given to understand that this additional honour was not applied for, but was granted spontaneously by the Blues Committee, and, although a like distinction has yet to be conferred at Oxford, there is naturally great rejoicing in the hockey world over this implied placing of hockey—at Cambridge at any rate—on a par with football. This may doubtless be a legitimate inference, but it may also not be the true one. The principles which govern the granting of Blues at the two 'Varsities are not quite the same. At Oxford the Blues Committee are chary of giving fresh Blues (either half or full), but, once granted, they usually abide and may practically be regarded as irrevocable. At Cambridge on the other hand, fresh Blues and half Blues are granted more readily, and at the same time the Committee show a greater readiness to revoke them. In other words, at both places the status of the game or sport itself, and the degree of skill which its undergraduate representatives display, are both taken into account; but more regard is paid at Oxford to the status of the game, and at Cambridge to the prowess of its representatives. The granting of a full Blue to hockey at Cambridge may be only as a recognition of the fact that this year's eleven have proved themselves a particularly fine side, rather than that the game itself has as yet earned a permanent place on the full Blue list. But "possession is nine points of the law." A revocation of the full Blue at Cambridge is hardly to be anticipated unless a pronounced slump in hockey stock occurs, and, failing such slump, Oxford will be almost bound to "come in." Another thing which must not be lost sight of is the effect of the growth of hockey upon football. With this delicate question I hope to deal in the near future.

FIGURE SKATING

The British Championship in the Foreign Style

The Competition held at Prince's Skating Club recently for the Swedish Challenge Cup, which, since 1905, has carried with it the title of Figure-Skating Champion of Great Britain in the International Style, did not give rise to any performance of exceptional merit, although the ultimate winner, Mrs. Greenhough Smith, is undoubtedly one of the most improved figure-skaters of the day. Of the four competitors, Mrs. Syers, who won the Cup in 1903 and 1904, was the probable winner, but she was compelled by sudden indisposition to retire from the contest after skating the first two figures, leaving Mrs. Greenhough Smith, Mr. A. March, and Mr. Kinsley Field to fight a triangular duel. For the compulsory figures, skated in the afternoon, the maximum was 204 points, and for the free skating at 9 p.m. 132 points, making a highest possible of 336 points. Mrs. Greenhough Smith's aggregate, 231 4-5th. points, was a full hundred short of the highest possible, but it served to give her an easy win over Mr. March, who was second with 215 1-5th., while Mr. Field was still further away with 135 2-5th. Mr. H. Torrómé, who won the Cup in 1905 and 1906, and Mr. J. K. Greig, who won it last year, were acting as judges on this occasion, along with Messrs. H. D. Faith, E. S. Hirst, and J. H. Johnson, while Herr Grenander, who officiated as referee, delighted everybody later on with his skill, though he and his partner were just beaten, in the waltzing competition.

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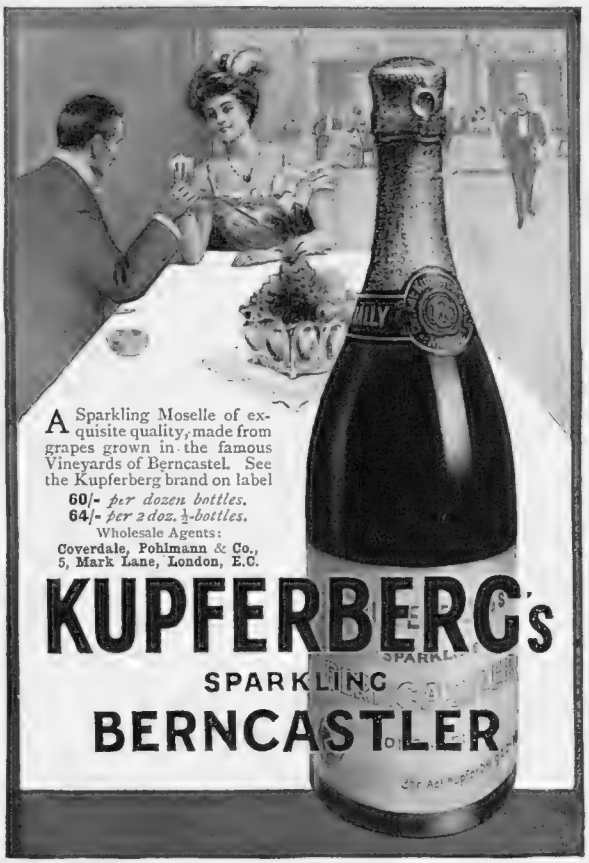

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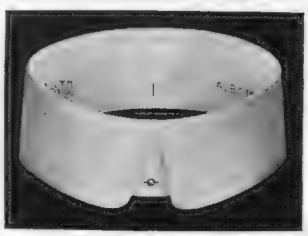

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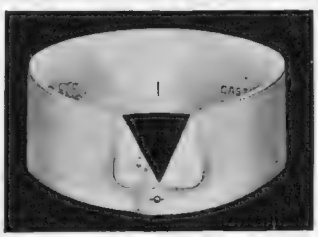

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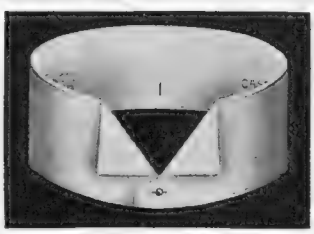

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Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Photos

Election Amenities: A Liberal——

THE MOTOR ELECTION AT HASTINGS

An Ex-Member Canvassing for his Son

Mr. Harvey Du Cros, the famous motorist and late M.P. for Hastings, with his wife, canvass on behalf of their son, Mr. A. Du Cros, the Unionist —and successful—candidate

Illustrations Bureau

——and a Tariff Reform Poster

Pity the poor motorist! The mere fact of owning a car seems to direct upon him all the rapacious instincts of the predatory officials who can possibly conjure up an excuse to do so. On the top of Mr. Asquith's proposed additional taxes, those persons owning cars within the district which the Metropolitan Water Board supplies are to be charged 20*s.* per annum for water!

* * *

Personally, I never use the water laid on at my house for cleaning the car or for filling the radiator, but prefer to utilise instead rain-water, which is softer and more convenient. Nor do I propose, for one, to pay a water company a fee of 20*s.* per annum, or any other sum, merely because I own a motor-car, and I hope other motorists will band together to prevent this and similar iniquitous acts on the part of public bodies.

* * *

The Motor Union should organise a strong body of public opinion to influence Members of Parliament to safeguard the interests of those who own cars. Unfortunately, in the present House of Commons, there are no persons of any great influence to accept a brief for the motoring fraternity. 'Twas a sad loss when Lord Montagu passed away to the House of Lords.

* * *

While Mr. Asquith is proposing to levy a heavy tax on the miscreants who keep carriages propelled by mechanical power, the money obtained thereby to be used for other purposes than the better maintenance of the roads, it is instructive to note what is happening in the United States. In the New York Legislature a Bill has been introduced calling for an annual tax of 50 cents per 100lb. or fraction thereof, which on a car weighing a ton would, roughly, amount to £2 10*s.*, and this money is to be used by the State engineer for highway maintenance and repair. But, then, you see, Americans nurse a young industry and encourage it. Officials in this country set to work to bleed it.

* * *

Who says that flying is a thing of the dim future? At 111, Piccadilly, the premises of the Motor Supply Company, Ltd., is a very good representation of the Farman aeroplane in full flight. Anyone whose ambition it is to defy police traps, tax-gatherers, and other harpies, can now obtain from the above Company a Farman aeroplane fitted with a Renault, Antoinette, or R.E.P. motor at a cost of £1,200 each. The price is not low, as an inducement to break one's neck to be sure, but an owner can boast of *le dernier cri* in modes of travel. Moreover, the agents are willing to subject the aeroplane to a test of at least one mile in the air, and will give purchasers full instructions and advice so that they can go in and win the *Daily Graphic* prize of £1,000, which I beg to state is still open to all.

* * *

The Automobile Association knows how to hit back when attacked, as the Motor Union have cause to remember. The Chief Constable of Surrey, Captain Sant, has written a letter to the A.A., in which he says that their scouts "who are in the habit of spying out those portions of the road which have been measured by the police," tend to nullify the object of the police, which is to *prevent the commission of offences*, by encouraging drivers to proceed at any pace with impunity at all times when not warned of the presence of the police. This gentleman then proceeds to inform

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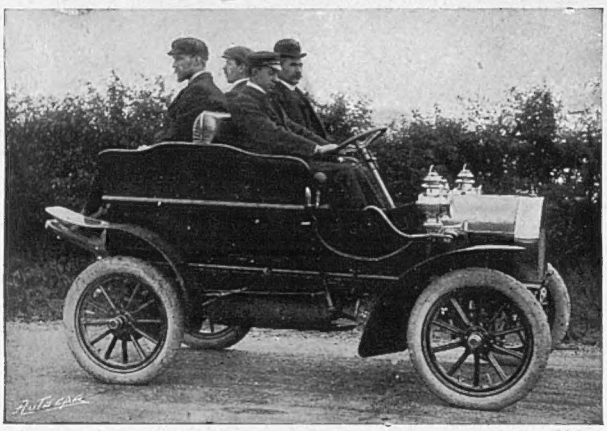

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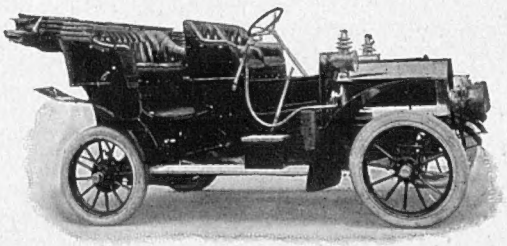

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FLYING GREYHOUND, £199

the A.A. that these scouts deliberately interfere with the duties of the aforesaid noble army of Surrey roosters—I mean police—and requests the A.A. to withdraw their men.

* * *

But the A.A.'s reply is delightful. After dealing with the Chief Constable's letter *seriatim*, and reminding him that the A.A's object, like that of the worthy Surrey police, is to prevent the commission of offences, Mr. Stenson Cooke courageously takes the war into the enemy's country as follows:

SIR, . . . As you have opened this correspondence, my committee would like to take advantage of the opportunity afforded them of calling your attention to the report of the Royal Commission published in 1906. You will no doubt agree that the fair inference to be drawn from the report as a whole is that the police and magisterial benches should only enforce Sec. 9 of the Act *under reasonable conditions*, and though it would be idle for my committee to question that the police would be acting within their *powers* in placing a trap in a country road, straight for miles, devoid of hedges and other obstructions to the view of the motorist, and that the Justices would also be acting within their powers in convicting a motorist travelling at the rate of twenty-one miles per hour, even though it were proved that no human being, animal or vehicle was or likely to be on the highway within several miles of the spot where the police had in their unfettered discretion thought fit to measure a furlong, with the object, to use your own words, of "instilling into the minds of the drivers that at any moment they exceed the limit of speed allowed by law, they may be detected and called upon to answer for it," they hope you will upon further consideration, bearing in mind the findings of the Royal Commission, agree that there would be no *duty* cast upon you to adopt such a course merely because the Act gives you the *power*, any more than you would give instructions to the police to take into custody any drunken man they may see in the street whether or not he is a source of annoyance to the public, and simply because you have the power to do so.—I am, yours faithfully, (Signed) STENSON COOKE, *Secretary*.

* * *

It will be most interesting to see what reply the Chief Constable can make to this most deserved rebuke. The police do not seem to realise—or, at least, the Surrey police do not—that their attitude towards the A.A. is illogical. If they set traps in unfrequented spots in order to collect fines because motorists are committing a technical breach of the law, they cannot pretend that they are preventing the commission of offences. If, on the other hand, they really want to prevent people from travelling over twenty miles an hour, they would welcome the presence of the A.A. scouts, who are not placed merely where there are traps, but are set at all places on the highways.

* * *

But the Surrey police are notorious for their greed in taking advantage of a technical breach of the law in order to fine the, perhaps, unconscious delinquent. Let me give an instance which happened to myself, and which will serve to illustrate the point. One night I was riding a bicycle homewards along the Portsmouth road, and my lamp blew out. As it was a moonlight night I did not notice this, but a constable called my attention to it. I immediately got off the machine and lighted it, but the constable took my name and address and summoned me, when I was fined. There was no one on the road at the time, and my offence, if offence it could be called, was so slight that no one but a Surrey policeman would have taken official notice, especially since I stopped directly my attention was drawn to the matter. Now, supposing a man had met me a few yards before the constable saw me and had warned me that my light had gone out, would he have been interfering with the duties of the police in "preventing the commission of an offence"? According to the Chief Constable, I suppose he would. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

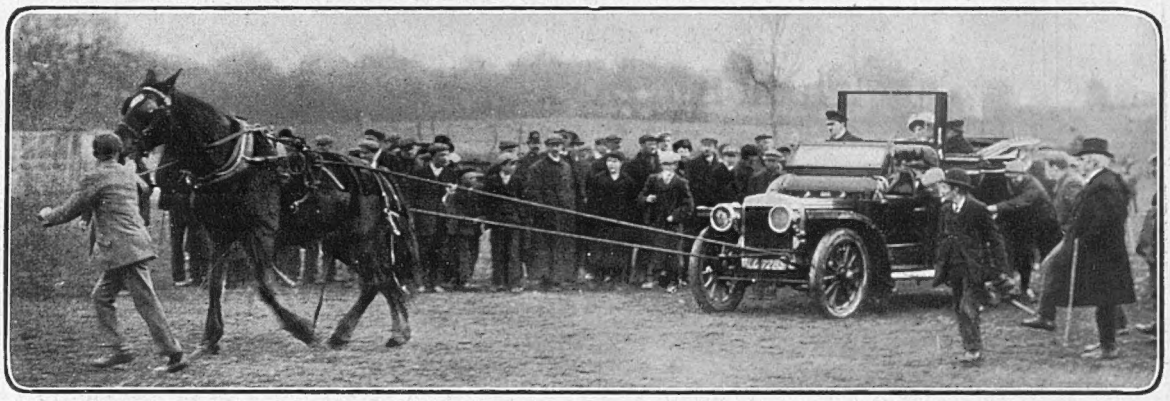

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A Pathetic Incident at Mr. Walter Winan's Point to Point Races

Dragging Mr. Winan's car out of the mud after the steeplechases at Charing last Thursday

* * *

Miscellanea

Recently the Adam's Manufacturing Company have shipped one of their simply controlled 10 h.-p. mail phæton cars to Kuala Lumpur, Malay Peninsular. It speaks well for the excellence of the Adam's car that a good number of them should now be running in the Malay States, and in other parts of the East, where they are highly praised. Two cars of the same type are being sent to Northern India, and a two-cylinder 14 h.-p. car has recently been shipped to Batavia.

If any of my readers is in need of a chauffeur or under chauffeur, I should be very glad to recommend a young man who has been trained in a big garage and thoroughly understands repairs, etc. The young man is tall, very presentable, and his age is 19. Very moderate wages would be accepted. His character is all that could be desired.

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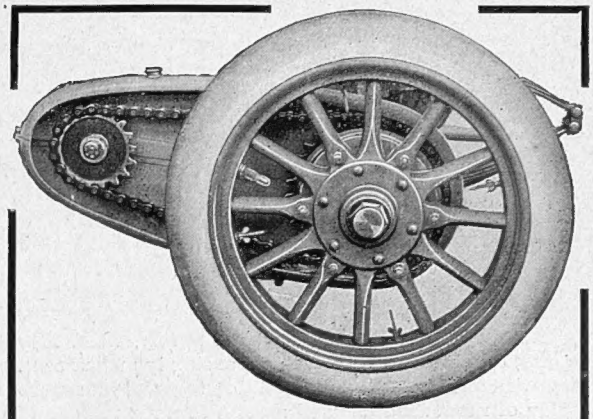

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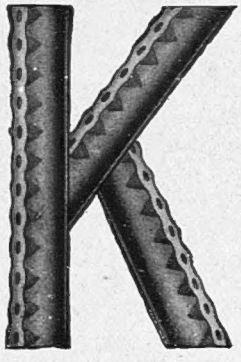

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C.D.C.

THE GARDEN

Rhododendrons and Azaleas

There are still far too many shrubberies consisting of such commonplace plants as laurels, but in some gardens they are being largely replaced by hardy rhododendrons and azaleas. Why these beautiful shrubs were not used in such positions before is difficult to understand. They are ornamental at all seasons, and in Spring, when they are masses of brilliant colour, they are simply magnificent. Kew, with all its wonders, has nothing to equal its superb display of rhododendrons and azaleas towards the end of May, and in many private grounds, as at Ashridge Park, they are quite the feature of the place. At one time it was supposed that they would grow only in peat, but that idea has been proved over and over again to be wrong. They can be grown with perfect success in good loam mixed with leaf-mould and sand, provided only that it is well drained and free from lime. While it is important that all plants with fine fibrous roots should not be exposed to drought—and in its power to maintain moisture lies the chief value of peat—it is equally important that it should not be in excess, for the delicate fibrils are easily injured, and unless it can escape they are bound to suffer. The presence of lime in the soil causes deposits in the cells, and this checks the circulation, much as happens in the human body in rheumatism or gout. When the subsoil is chalk, excavations are sometimes made in it and filled with suitable soil, the rhododendrons being then planted in the beds. But this only adds a little to their lives. For the lime-saturated water drains into the beds and sooner or later the plants succumb. A much better plan is to make raised beds, putting a considerable depth of fresh soil above the chalk. Naturally, such beds are apt to get very dry in summer, but if they are heavily watered and mulched, rhododendrons will live in them for many years.

Early-Flowering Chrysanthemums

Chrysanthemums intended to make large specimens were, of course, propagated a couple of months ago, and the young plants are now growing in separate pots. But cuttings may still be struck of others for decorative purposes, and this is the best time to propagate the singles, which have lately become very popular, and also the early-flowering class. If it is done sooner, they lose their bushy habit, and the straggling shoots often become bare below. There are not more useful plants in the garden than these early-flowering chrysanthemums. A few years ago they were practically non-existent; now there are numberless varieties bearing beautiful flowers of every colour and shade from August to October just when flowers are most wanted in the garden. Tops of strong shoots two or three inches in length make the best cuttings. They should be inserted firmly in boxes of sandy soil, and kept moist and shaded. Shade is more important than it is earlier in the year, when the sun's rays are weaker. If the box is placed in a corner where no draught can reach it, it is not essential to exclude the air. Roots soon form at this season, and before the young plants begin to crowd one another they should be transferred singly to small pots. They may be kept in a cold frame until May, and then planted out.

H. C. DAVIDSON.

A Gardening Supplement Next Week

With our next issue will be given away a special eight-page Gardening Supplement, which will prove of paramount interest to all gardeners at this time of year. If you want to be sure of obtaining a copy, order at once.

Photo] **Azaleas and Rhododendrons at Ashridge Park** [*Newman*

Far too many shrubberies consist almost solely of laurels or some such commonplace plant, whereas the hardy and beautiful rhododendrons and azaleas are largely neglected. In a few weeks' time, however, these shrubs will be a mass of bloom and colour, making a magnificent show